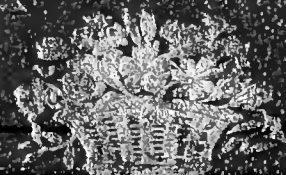




The  
LANGUAGE  
and  
POETRY  
of  
FLOWERS



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THE LANGUAGE  
AND  
POETRY OF FLOWERS

*With Floral Illuminations*

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## THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.

---

### HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

DAY-STARS ! that ope your eyes with man, to  
twinkle

From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,  
And dew-drops on her holy altars sprinkle  
As a libation.

Ye matin worshippers ! who, bending lowly  
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye !  
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy  
Incense on high.

Ye bright Mosaics ! that with storied beauty  
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate  
With numerous emblems of instructive duty  
Your forms create.

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that  
swingeth,  
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth  
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column  
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,  
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,  
Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;  
Its choir the winds and waves—its organ thunder—  
Its dome the sky.

There as in solitude and shade I wander,  
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the sod,  
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder  
The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers ! are living preachers,  
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,  
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers  
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles ! that in dewy splendour,  
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"  
O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender  
Your lore sublime !

"Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory,  
Arrayed," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours ;  
How vain your grandeur ! ah, how transitory  
Are human flowers !"

In the sweet-scented pictures, heavenly Artist !  
With which Thou paintest Nature's widespread hall  
What a delightful lesson Thou impartest  
Of love to all !

Not useless are ye, flowers, though made for pleasure,  
Blooming o'er field and wave by day and night,  
From every source your sanction bids me treasure  
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages ! what instructors hoary  
For such a world of thought could furnish scope ?  
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,  
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories ! angel-like collection !  
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,  
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,  
A second birth.

Were I, O God ! in churchless lands remaining,  
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,  
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining,  
Priests, sermons, shrines !

---

THE WREATH.

TO A FRIEND ON HER BIRTHDAY.

BY WILLIAM PETERS.

LET others sing the rich, the great,  
The victor's palms, the monarch's state,  
A purer joy be mine—  
To greet the excellent of earth,  
To call down blessings on *thy* worth,  
And, for the hour that gave thee birth,  
Life's choicest flowers entwine.

And lo ! where smiling from above  
(Meet helpmate in the work of love)  
O'er opening hill and lawn,  
With flowerets of a thousand dyes,  
With all that's sweet of earth and skies,  
Soft breathes the vernal dawn.

Come ! from her stores we'll cull the best,  
Thy bosom to adorn ;

Each leaf in livelier verdure drest,  
Each blossom balmier than the rest,  
    Each rose without a thorn ;  
Fleet tints, that with the rainbow died,  
Brief flowers, that withered in their pride,  
Shall, blushing into light, awake  
And kindlier bloom, for thy dear sake.

And first—though oft, alas ! condemned,  
    Like merit, to the shade—  
The Primrose meek, with dew's begemmed  
    Shall sparkle in the braid ;  
And there, as sisters, side by side  
(Genius with modesty allied),  
The Pink's bright red, the Violet's blue,  
In blended rays, shall greet our view,  
Each lovelier for the other's hue.

How soft yon Jasmine's sunlit glow,  
How chaste yon Lily's robe of snow,  
    With Myrtle green inwove !  
Types, dearest, of thyself and me—  
Of thy mild grace and purity,  
    And my unchanging love—  
Of grace and purity, like thine,  
And love, undying love, like mine.

In fancifully-plumed array,  
As ever cloud at set of day,  
All azure, vermil, silver-grey,  
    And showering thick perfume ;  
See how the Lilac's clustered spray  
    Has kindled into bloom,  
Radiant as Joy, o'er troubles past,  
And whispering, " Spring is come at last !"



Blest Flowers ! There breathes not one  
unfraught  
With lessons sweet and new ;  
The Rose, in Taste's own garden wrought ;  
The Pansy, nurse of tender thought ;  
The Wallflower, tried and true ;  
The purple Heath, so lone and fair,  
(O how unlike the world's vain glare !)  
The Daisy, so contently gay,  
Opening her eyelids with the day ;  
The Gorse-bloom, never sad or sere,  
But golden bright,  
As gems of night,  
And fresh and fragrant all the year ;  
Each leaf, each bud of classic lore,  
Oak, Hyacinth, and Floramore ;  
The Cowslip, graceful in her woe ;  
The Hawthorn's smile, the Poppy's glow,  
*This* ripe with balm for present sorrow,  
And *that* with raptures for to-morrow.

The flowers are culled ; and each lithe stem  
With Woodbine band we braid—  
With Woodbine, type of Life's best gem,  
Of Truth that will not fade.  
The wreath is wove ; do Thou, blest Power,  
That brood'st o'er leaflet, fruit, and flower,  
Embalm it with Thy love ;  
O make it such as angels wear,  
Pure, bright, as decked earth's first-born pair,  
Whilst free in Eden's grove,  
From herb and plant they brushed the dew,  
And neither sin nor sorrow knew.

## FLOWERS:

SENT ME DURING ILLNESS.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

I LOVED you ever, gentle flowers,  
And made you playmates of my youth ;  
    The while your spirit stole  
    In secret to my soul,  
To shed a softness through my ripening powers,  
And lead the thoughtful mind to deepest truth.

And now, when weariness and pain  
Had cast you almost from my breast,  
    With each a smiling face,  
    In all your simple grace,  
You come once more to take me back again  
From pain to ease, from weariness to rest.

Kind visitants ! through my sick-room  
You seem to breathe an air of health,  
    And with you looks of joy  
    To wake again the *boy*,  
And to the pallid cheek restore its bloom,  
And o'er the desert mind pour boundless wealth.

And whence ye came, by brimming stream,  
'Neath rustling leaves, with birds within,  
    Again I musing tread—  
    Forgot my restless bed,  
And long sick hours—Too short the blessed  
    dream !  
I woke to pain !—to hear the city's din !

But time nor pain shall ever steal  
Or youth or beauty from my mind ;  
And blessings on ye, flowers,  
Though few with me your hours,  
The youth and beauty and the heart to feel,  
In her who sent you, ye will leave behind !

---

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

BY SHELLEY.

---

PART I.

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,  
And the young winds fed it with silver dew ;  
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,  
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,  
Like the spirit of love, felt everywhere !  
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast  
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

The Snowdrop, and then the Violet,  
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet ;  
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent  
From the turf, like the voice to the instrument.

Then the pied Wind-flowers, and the Tulip tall,  
And Narcissi, the fairest among them all—  
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,  
Till they die of their own dear loveliness !

And the naiad-like Lily of the Vale,  
Whom youth makes so fair, and passions so pale,  
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen  
Through their pavilions of tender green.

And the Hyacinth, purple, and white, and blue,  
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew  
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,  
It was felt like an odour within the sense.

And the Rose, like a nymph to the bath addrest,  
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,  
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

And the wand-like Lily, which lifted up,  
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,  
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,  
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky.

And the Jessamine faint, and the sweet Tuberose,  
The sweetest flower for scent that blows !  
And all rare blossoms, from every clime,  
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream, whose inconstant bosom  
Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,  
With golden and green light, and, starting through  
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad Water-lilies lay tremulously,  
And starry River-buds glimmered by,  
And around them the soft stream did glide and  
dance

With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and moss,  
Which led through the garden along and across—  
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,  
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees—

Were all paved with Daisies and delicate bells,  
As fair as the fabulous Asphodels,

And flow'rets which, drooping as day drooped too,  
Fell into pavilions white, purple, and blue,  
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled paradise  
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes  
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet  
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,  
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,  
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one  
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated  
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,  
Like young lovers, whom youth and love make dear,  
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit  
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,  
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,  
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver.

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower ;  
Radiance and odour are not its dower ;  
It loves, even like Love ; its deep heart is full ;  
It desires what it has not—the beautiful !

The light winds which, from unsustaining wings,  
Shed the music of many murmurings ;  
The beams which dart from many a star  
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar ;—

The plumèd insects, swift and free,  
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,  
Laden with light and odour, which pass  
Over the gleam of the living grass ;—

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie  
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,  
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,  
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears ;—

The quivering vapours of dim noon-tide,  
Which, like a sea, o'er the warm earth glide,  
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,  
Move as reeds in a single stream ;—

Each and all like ministering angels were,  
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear ;  
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by,  
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,  
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,  
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,  
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep ;

And the beasts and the birds and the insects were  
drowned

In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;  
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress,  
The light sand which paves it—consciousness ;

Only overhead the sweet nightingale  
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,  
And snatches of its Elysian chant  
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant ;

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest  
Ungathered into the bosom of rest—  
A sweet child, weary of its delight,  
The feeblest, and yet the favourite,  
Cradled within the embrace of night.

---

PART II.

There was a power in this sweet place—  
An Eve in this Eden—a ruling grace,  
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,  
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A lady—the wonder of her kind,  
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind,  
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion,  
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean—

Tended the garden from morn to even ;  
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,  
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,  
Laughed round her footsteps up from the earth !

She had no companion of mortal race,  
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face  
Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep from her eyes,  
That her dreams were less slumber than paradise.

As if some bright spirit for her sweet sake  
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake ;  
As if yet around her he lingering were,  
Though the veil of daylight concealed him from her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it prest ;  
You might hear by the heaving of her breast,  
That the coming and the going of the wind  
Brought pleasure there, and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,  
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod  
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,  
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet  
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet ;

I doubt not they felt the spirit that came  
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream  
On those that were faint with the sunny beam ;  
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers  
She emptied the rain of the thunder-showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,  
And sustained them with rods and osier bands ;  
If the flowers had been her own infants, she  
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,  
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,  
She bore in a basket of Indian woof  
Into the rough woods far aloof—

In a basket of grasses and wild flowers full,  
The freshest her gentle hands could pull,  
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,  
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beam-like ephemeris,  
Whose path is the lightning's, and the soft moths  
that kiss

The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she  
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,  
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,  
She left clinging round the smooth and dark  
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature, from earliest spring,  
Thus moved through the garden, ministering,  
All the sweet season of the summer-tide,  
And ere the first leaf looked brown—she died.



PART III.

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,  
Like stars when the moon is awakened, were ;  
Or the waves of the Baiæ, ere, luminous,  
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant  
Felt the sound of the funeral chant,  
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,  
And the sobs of the mourners, deep and low ;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,  
And the silent motions of passing death,  
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,  
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank.

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,  
Were bright with tears as the crowds did pass ;  
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,  
And sate in the pines, and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,  
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul :  
Which at first was lovely, as if in sleep,  
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap  
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,  
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,  
Though the noonday sun looked clear and bright,  
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose-leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,  
Paved the turf and the moss below ;  
The Lilies were drooping, and white and wan,  
Like the head and skin of a dying man.

And the Indian plants, of scent and hue,  
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,  
Leaf after leaf, day by day,  
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and grey, and red,  
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,  
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind passed ;  
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the winged seeds  
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,  
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,  
Which rotted into earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet  
Fell from the stalks on which they were set ;  
And the eddies drove them here and there,  
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks  
Were bent and tangled across the walks ;  
And the leafless network of parasite bowers  
Massed into ruin, and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow,  
All loathliest weeds began to grow,  
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a  
speck,  
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,  
Wept, and the tears within each lid  
Of its folded leaves, which together grew,  
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon  
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn ;

The sap shrank to the root through every pore,  
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For winter came : the wind was his whip,  
One choppy finger was on his lip ;  
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,  
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles.

His breath was a chain, which, without a sound,  
The earth, and the air, and the water bound ;  
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot throne  
By the tenfold blasts of the Arctic zone.

Then the weeds, which were forms of living death,  
Fled from the frosts to the earth beneath ;  
Their decay and sudden flight from frost  
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost !

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant  
The moles and the dormice died for want ;  
And the birds dropped stiff from the frozen air,  
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,  
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again ;  
Then there steamed up a freezing dew,  
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew ;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about  
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,  
Shook the boughs thus laden and heavy and stiff,  
And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When winter had gone and spring came back,  
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck ;  
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks, and  
darnels,  
Rose, like the dead, from their buried charnels.

## CONCLUSION.

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that  
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat,  
Ere its outward form had known decay,  
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,  
No longer with the form combined,  
Which scattered love, as stars do light,  
Found sadness where it left delight,

I dare not guess ; but in this life  
Of error, ignorance, and strife,  
Where nothing is, but all things seen,  
And we the shadows of the dream.

It is a modest creed, and yet  
Pleasant, if one considers it,  
To own that death itself must be,  
Like all the rest, a mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,  
And all sweet shapes and odours there,  
In truth, have never passed away ;  
'Tis we, 'tis ours are changed—not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight,  
There is no death nor change ; their might  
Exceeds our organs, which endure  
No light, being themselves obscure.



TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

WORDSWORTH.

PANSIES, Lilies, King-cups, Daisies,  
Let them live upon their praises ;  
Long as there's a sun that sets,  
    Primroses will have their glory ;  
Long as there are Violets,  
    They will have a place in story ;  
There's a flower that shall be mine,  
'Tis the little Celandine.

Ere a leaf is on the bush,  
In the time before the thrush  
Has a thought about her nest,  
    Thou wilt come with half a call,  
Spreading out thy glossy breast  
    Like a careless prodigal ;  
Telling tales about the sun,  
When we've little warmth, or none.

Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
Kindly unassuming spirit !  
Careless of thy neighbourhood,  
    Thou dost show thy pleasant face  
On the moor, and in the wood,  
    In the lane—there's not a place,  
Howsoever mean it be,  
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,  
Children of the flaring hours !  
Buttercups that will be seen,  
    Whether we will see or no ;  
Others, too, of lofty mien,  
    They have done as worldlings do,

Taken praise that should be thine,  
Little, humble Celandine !  
Prophet of delight and mirth,  
Ill requited upon earth ;  
Herald of a mighty band,  
Of a joyous train ensuing,  
Serving at my heart's command,  
Tasks that are no tasks renewing ;  
I will sing, as doth behove,  
Hymns in praise of what I love !

---

## THE IVY.

BARTON.

HAST thou seen, in winter's stormiest day,  
The trunk of a blighted oak,  
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay  
Beneath Time's resistless stroke,  
Round which a luxuriant Ivy had grown,  
And wreathed it with verdure no longer its own ?  
Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,  
As I at thy years might do,  
Passed carelessly by, nor turned again  
That scathed wreck to view ;  
But now I can draw from that mouldering tree  
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.  
Oh ! smile not, nor think it a worthless thing,  
If it be with instruction fraught ;  
That which will closest and longest cling,  
Is alone worth a serious thought.  
Should aught be unlovely, which thus can shed  
Grace on the dying, and leaves on the dead ?

---

THE VIOLET.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

A VIOLET blossomed on the green,  
With lowly stem, and bloom unseen ;  
    It was a sweet, low flower.  
A shepherd maiden came that way,  
With lightsome step and aspect gay,  
    Came near, came near,  
Came o'er the green with song.  
Ah ! thought the Violet, might I be  
The fairest flower on a'l the lea,  
    Ah ! but for one brief hour ;  
And might be plucked by that dear maid,  
And gently on her bosom laid,  
    Ah ! but, ah ! but  
A few dear moments long.  
Alas ! the maiden, as she passed,  
No eye upon the Violet cast ;  
    She crushed the poor wee flower.  
It sank, and, dying, heaved no sigh,  
And if I die, at least I die  
    By her, by her,  
Beneath her feet I die.

---

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

BY SIR W. SCOTT.

O LADY ! twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the Cypress tree ;  
Too lively grow the Lilies light,  
The varnished Holly's all too bright,

The May-flower and the Eglantine  
May shade a brow less sad than mine ;  
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,  
Or weave it of the Cypress tree.

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine  
With tendrils of the laughing Vine ;  
The manly Oak, the pensive Yew,  
To patriot and to sage be due ;  
The Myrtle bough bids lovers live,  
But that Matilda will not give ;  
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the Cypress tree.

Let merry England proudly rear  
Her blended Roses, bought so dear ;  
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue  
With Heath and Harebell dipped in dew ;  
On favoured Erin's crest be seen  
The flower she loves of emerald green—  
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the Cypress tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare  
The Ivy, meet for minstrel's hair ;  
And while his crown of laurel leaves  
With bloody hand the victor weaves,  
Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;  
But when you hear the passing bell,  
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,  
And twine it of the Cypress tree.

Yes, twine for me the Cypress bough ;  
But, O Matilda ! twine not now—  
Stay till a few brief months are past,  
And I have looked and loved my last.



When villagers my shroud bestrew  
With Pansies, Rosemary, and Rue—  
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,  
And weave it of the Cypress tree.

---

BRING FLOWERS.

MRS. HEMANS.

BRING flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,  
To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured ;  
Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood and vale,  
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,  
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the Rose,  
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path—  
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath !  
He comes with the spoils of nations back,  
The vines he crushed in his chariot's track,  
The turf looks red where he won the day—  
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way !

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,  
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell ;  
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,  
And the bright world shut from his languid eye ;  
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,  
And a dream of his youth—bring him flowers, wild  
flowers !

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear !  
They were worn to blush in her shining hair ;

She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,  
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth ;  
Her place is now by another's side—  
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,  
A crown for the brow of the early dead !  
For this through its leaves hath the Wild Rose burst,  
For this in the woods was the Violet nursed !  
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,  
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale  
flowers !

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,  
They are Nature's offering, their place is *there* !  
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,  
With a voice of promise they come and part,  
They sleep in dust in the wintry hours,  
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright  
flowers !



## TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

BY E. ELLIOTT.

YE living gems of cold and fragrant fire !  
Die ye for ever, when ye die, ye flowers ?  
Take ye, when in your beauty ye expire,  
An everlasting farewell of your bowers ?  
No more to listen for the wooing air,  
And song-brought morn, the cloud-tinged woodlands  
o'er !  
No more to June's soft lip your breasts to bare,  
And drink fond evening's dewy breath no more !

Soon fades the sweetest ; first the fairest dies,  
For frail and fair are sisters ; but the heart,  
Filled with deep love, Death's power to kill denies,  
And sobs e'en o'er the dead, " *We cannot part !*"  
Have I not seen thee, Wild Rose, in my dreams ?  
Like a pure spirit—beauteous as the skies,  
When the clear blue is brightest, and the streams  
Dance down the hills, reflecting the rich dyes  
Of morning clouds, and cistus woodbine-twined—  
Didst thou not wake me from a dream of death ?  
Yea, and thy voice was sweeter than the wind  
When it inhales the love-sick Violet's breath,  
Bending it down with kisses, where the bee  
Hums over golden gorse and sunny broom.  
Soul of the Rose ! what said'st thou then to me ?  
" We meet," thou said'st, " though severed by the  
tomb :  
Lo, brother, this is heav'n ! and thus the just shall  
bloom."

---

## TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

BY E. ELLIOTT.

THY fruit full well the schoolboy knows,  
Wild Bramble of the brake !  
So, put thou forth thy small white rose ;  
I love it for his sake.

Though Woodbines flaunt and Roses glow  
O'er all the fragrant bowers,  
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show  
Thy satin-threaded flowers ;

For dull the eye, the heart is dull  
That cannot feel how fair,  
Amid all beauty, beautiful  
Thy tender blossoms are !

How delicate thy gauzy frill !  
How rich thy branchy stem !  
How soft thy voice when woods are still,  
And thou sing'st hymns to them ;

While silent showers are falling slow,  
And, 'mid the general hush,  
A sweet air lifts the little bough,  
Lone whispering through the bush !

The Primrose to the grave is gone ;  
The Hawthorn flower is dead ;  
The Violet by the mossed grey stone  
Hath laid her weary head ;

But thou, Wild Bramble, back dost bring,  
In all their beauteous power,  
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,  
And boyhood's blossomy hour.

Scorned Bramble of the brake ! once more  
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,  
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,  
In freedom and in joy.



---

CHILDREN OF THE SUN'S FIRST GLANCING.

FROM SCHILLER.

CHILDREN of the sun's first glancing,  
Flowers that deck the bounteous earth ;  
Joy and mirth are round ye dancing,  
Nature smiled upon your birth ;  
Light hath veined your petals tender,  
And with hues of matchless splendour  
Flora paints each dewy bell ;  
But lament, ye sweet spring blossoms,  
Soul hath never thrilled your bosoms,  
All in cheerless night ye dwell.

Nightingale and lark are singing  
Many a lay of love to you ;  
In your chalice blossoms swinging,  
Tiny sylphs their sylphids woo ;  
Deep within the painted bower  
Of a soft and perfumed flower,  
Venus once did fall asleep ;  
But no pulse of passion darted  
Through your breast, by her imparted—  
Children of the morning, weep.

When my mother's harsh rejection  
Bids me cease my love to speak—  
Pledges of a true affection,  
When your gentle aid I seek—  
Then by every voiceless token,  
Hope, and faith unchanged, are spoken,  
And by you my bosom grieves ;  
Love himself among you stealeth,  
And his awful form concealeth,  
Shut within your folding leaves.

## FLOWERS FOR THE HEART.

BY E. ELLIOTT.

FLOWERS ! winter flowers !—the child is dead,  
The mother cannot speak ;  
Oh, softly couch his little head,  
Or Mary's heart will break !

Amid those curls of flaxen hair  
This pale pink ribbon twine,  
And on the little bosom there  
Place this wan lock of mine.

How like a form in cold white stone,  
The confined infant lies !  
Look, mother, on thy little one,  
And tears will fill thine eyes.

She cannot weep, more faint she grows,  
More deadly pale and still ;  
Flowers ! oh, a flower ! a Winter Rose,  
That tiny hand to fill.

Go, search the fields ! the lichen wet  
Bends o'er th' unfailing well ;  
Beneath the furrow lingers yet  
The scarlet Pimpernel.

Peeps not a Snowdrop in the bower,  
Where never froze the spring ?  
A Daisy ? ah ! bring childhood's flower !  
The half-blown Daisy bring !

Yes, lay the Daisy's little head  
Beside the little cheek ;  
Oh, haste ! the last of five is dead !  
The childless cannot speak !

---

THE AMARANTH.

MILTON.

CROWNS inwove with Amaranth and gold,  
Immortal Amaranth, a flower which once  
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,  
Began to bloom ; but soon, for man's offence,  
To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows  
And flowers aloft, shading the Fount of Life,  
And where the River of Bliss, through midst of  
Heaven,  
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream ;  
With these, *that never fade*, the spirits elect  
Bind their resplendent locks.

---

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

BY T. MOORE.

'Tis the last Rose of summer  
Left blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone ;  
No flower of her kindred,  
No Rosebud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes  
And give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,  
To pine on the stem ;  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves on the bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow  
When friendships decay,  
And from love's shining circle  
The gems drop away ;  
When true hearts lie withered,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh ! who would inhabit  
This cold world alone ?

---

### THE WINTER NOSEGAY.

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

WHAT Nature, alas ! has denied  
To the delicate growth of our isle,  
Art has in a measure supplied,  
And winter is decked with a smile.  
See, Mary, what beauties I bring  
From the shelter of that sunny shed,  
Where the flowers have the charms of the spring  
Though abroad they are frozen and dead.

'Tis a bower of Arcadian sweets,  
Where Flora is still in her prime,  
A fortress to which she retreats  
From the cruel assaults of the clime.  
While earth wears a mantle of snow,  
These pinks are as fresh and as gay  
As the fairest and sweetest that blow  
On the beautiful bosom of May.







See how they have safely survived  
The powers of a sky so severe ;  
Such Mary's true love, that has lived  
Through many a turbulent year.  
The charms of the late-blowing Rose  
Seem graced with a livelier hue,  
And the winter of sorrow best shows  
The truth of a friend such as you.



## THE ALMOND-TREE.

BY MISS LANDON.

FLEETING and falling,  
Where is the bloom  
Of yon fair Almond-tree?  
It is sunk in the tomb.

Its tomb wheresoever  
The wind may have borne  
The leaves and the blossoms  
Its roughness has torn.

Some there are floating  
On yon fountain's breast,  
Some line the moss  
Of the nightingale's nest.

Some are just strewn  
O'er the green grass below,  
And there they lie stainless  
As winter's first snow.

Yesterday, on the boughs,  
They hung scented and fair ;  
To-day they are scattered  
The breeze best knows where.

To-morrow those leaves  
Will be scentless and dead,  
For the kind to lament,  
And the careless to tread.

And is it not thus  
With each hope of the heart ?  
With all its best feelings,  
Thus will they depart.

They'll go forth to the world  
On the wings of the air,  
Rejoicing and hoping ;  
But what will be there ?

False lights to deceive,  
False friends to delude,  
Till the heart in its sorrow 's  
Left only to brood.

Over feelings crushed, chilled.  
Sweet hopes ever flown ;  
Like that tree when its green leaves  
And blossoms are gone.

---

## THE LILY.

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE stream with languid murmur creeps  
In Lumin's flowery vale ;  
Beneath the dew the Lily weeps,  
Slow waving to the gale.

"Cease, restless gale!" it seems to say,  
"Nor wake me with thy sighing!  
The honours of my vernal day  
On rapid wings are flying.

"To-morrow shall the traveller come  
Who late beheld me blooming;  
His searching eye shall vainly roam  
The dreary vale of Lumin."



### CUPID AND THE DIAL.

ONE day, young frolic Cupid tried  
To scatter Roses o'er the hours,  
And on the dial's face to hide  
The course of time with many flowers.

By chance, his rosy wreaths had wound  
Upon the hands, and forced them on;  
And, when he looked again, he found  
The hours had passed, the time was done.

"Alas!" said Love, and dropped his flowers,  
"I've lost my time in idle play;  
The sweeter I would make the hours,  
The quicker they are passed away."



### THE CLOSED CONVULVULUS.

AN hour ago, and sunny beams  
Were glancing o'er each airy bell;  
And thou wert drinking in those gleams,  
Like beauty listening love's farewell.

And now with folded drooping leaves,  
Thou seemest for that light to mourn,  
Like unto one who fondly grieves  
The hours that stay some friend's return.

We cannot trace the hidden power  
Which folds thine azure petals up,  
When evening shadows dimly lower,  
And dewdrops gem each flow'ret's cup.

Methinks I should not wish to be  
Like thee, a votary of the sun—  
To bask beneath his beams, yet flee  
Whene'er his brilliant race is run.

Oh ! dearer far the silent night,  
And lovelier far the starlit sky,  
Than gaudy day with sunbeams bright,  
And loud with Nature's minstrelsy.

The night-bird's song is not for thee,  
The beautiful, the silver moon,  
The holy calm o'er flowers and tree,  
The stillness—Nature's dearest boon.

Thou art a reveller of day,  
A fair, rejoicing child of light ;  
Glad while the sunbeams o'er thee play,  
But drooping in the quiet night.

Like unto those who freely spend  
Their kindness in our happier hours ;  
But, should affliction want a friend,  
They prove the sun's adoring flowers.



---

THE DYING BOY TO THE SLOE BLOSSOM.

BY E. ELLIOTT.

BEFORE thy leaves thou com'st once more,  
White blossom of the Sloe !

Thy leaves will come as heretofore ;  
But tuis poor heart, its troubles o'er,  
Will then lie low.

A month at least before thy time  
Thou com'st, pale flower, to me ;  
For well thou know'st the frosty rime  
Will blast me ere my vernal prime,  
No more to be.

Why here in Winter? No storm lours  
O'er Nature's silent shroud !  
But blithe larks meet the sunny showers,  
High o'er the doomed untimely flowers  
In beauty bowed.

Sweet Violets in the budding grove  
Peep where the glad waves run ;  
The wren below, the thrush above,  
Of bright to-morrow's joy and love,  
Sing to the sun.

And where the rose-leaf, ever bold,  
Hears bees chant hymns to God,  
The breeze-bowed palm, mossed o'er with gold,  
Smiles o'er the well in summer cold,  
And daisied sod.

But thou, pale blossom, thou art come,  
And flowers in winter blow,  
To tell me that the worm makes room  
For me, her brother, in the tomb,  
And thinks me slow.

*The Poetry of Flowers.*

---

For as the rainbow of the dawn  
Foretells an eve of tears,  
A sunbeam on the saddened lawn,  
I smile, and weep to be withdrawn  
In early years.

Thy leaves will come, but songful Spring  
Will see no leaf of mine ;  
Her bells will ring, her bridesmaids sing,  
When my young leaves are withering  
Where no suns shine.

Oh ! might I breathe morn's dewy breath  
When June's sweet Sabbaths chime !  
But, thine before my time, O Death !  
I go where no flow'r blossometh,  
Before my time.

Ev'n as the blushes of the morn  
Vanish, and long ere noon  
The dewdrop dieth on the thorn,  
So fair I bloomed ; and was I born  
To die as soon ?

To love my mother, and to die—  
To perish in my bloom !  
Is this my sad, brief history ?—  
A tear dropped from a mother's eye  
Into the tomb.

He lived and loved—will sorrow say—  
By early sorrows tried ;  
He smiled, he sighed, he passed away,  
His life was but an April day—  
He loved, and died !

My mother smiles, then turns away,  
But turns away to weep ;



They whisper round me—what they say  
I need not hear, for in the clay  
I soon must sleep.

Oh, love is sorrow ! sad it is  
To be both tried and true ;  
I ever trembled in my bliss ;  
Now there are farewells in a kiss—  
They sigh adieu.

But Woodbines flaunt when Blue-bells fade,  
Where Don reflects the skies ;  
And many a youth in Shirecliffs' shade  
Will ramble where my boyhood played,  
Though Alfred lies.

Then panting woods the breeze will feel,  
And bowers, as heretofore,  
Beneath their load of Roses reel ;  
But I through Woodbine lanes shall steal  
No more, no more.

Well, lay me by my brother's side,  
Where late we stood and wept ;  
For I was stricken when he died—  
I felt the arrow as he sighed  
His last, and slept.

---

## SONGS AND CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ROSES.

WE are blushing Roses,  
Bending with our fulness,  
'Midst our close-capped sister buds,  
Warming the green coolness.

Whatsoe'er of beauty  
Yearns and yet reposes,  
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,  
Took a shape in Roses.

Hold one of us lightly—  
See from what a slender  
Stalk we bower in heavy blooms,  
And roundness rich and tender.

Know you not our only  
Rival flower—the human?  
Loveliest weight on lightest foot,  
Joy-abundant woman?

---

LILIES.

We are Lilies fair,  
The flower of virgin light;  
Nature held us forth, and said,  
“Lo! my thoughts of white.”

Ever since then, angels  
Hold us in their hands;  
You may see them where they take  
In pictures their sweet stands.

Like the garden's angels  
Also do we seem;  
And not the less for being crowned  
With a golden dream.

Could you see around us  
The enamoured air,  
You would see it pale with bliss  
To hold a thing so fair.

---

POPPIES.

We are slumbering Poppies,  
Lords of Lethè downs,  
Some awake, and some asleep,  
Sleeping in our crowns.  
What perchance our dreams may know,  
Let our serious beauty show.

Central depth of purple,  
Leaves more bright than rose ;  
Who shall tell what brightest thought  
Out of darkest grows ?  
Who, through what funereal pain,  
Souls to love and peace attain ?

Visions aye are on us,  
Unto eyes of power ;  
Pluto's always-setting sun,  
And Proserpinè's bower ;  
There, like bees, the pale souls come  
For our drink, with drowsy hum.

Taste, ye mortals, also ;  
Milky-hearted, we ;—  
Taste, but with a reverent care,  
Active-patient be.

Too much gladness brings to gloom  
Those who on the gods presume.

---

*Chorus.*

We are the sweet flowers,  
Born of sunny showers  
(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith)—  
Utterance, mute and bright,  
Of some unknown delight,  
We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath.

All who see us love us,  
We befit all places—  
Unto sorrow we give smiles, and unto graces races.

Mark our ways, how noiseless  
All, and sweetly voiceless,  
Though the March-winds pipe to make our passage  
clear ;

Not a whisper tells  
Where our small seed dwells,  
Nor is known the moment green when our tips  
appear.

We thread the earth in silence,  
In silence build our bowers,  
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh a-top,  
sweet flowers.

The dear lumpish baby,  
Humming with the May-bee,  
Hails us with his bright star, stumbling through the  
grass ;

The honey-dropping moon,  
On a night in June,  
Kisses our pale pathway leaves that felt the bride-  
groom pass.

Age, the withered clinger,  
On us mutely gazes,  
And wraps the thought of his last bed in his child-  
hood's daisies.

See (and scorn all duller  
Taste) how Heav'n loves colour ;  
How great Nature clearly joys in red and green ;  
What sweet thoughts she thinks  
Of Violets and Pinks,  
And a thousand flushing hues, made solely to be seen.

See her whitest Lilies  
Chill the silver showers,  
And what a red mouth is her Rose, the woman of  
her flowers !

Uselessness divinest,  
Of a use the finest,  
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use ;  
Travellers, weary-eyed,  
Bless us far and wide ;  
Unto sick and prison thoughts we give sudden  
truce ;  
Not a poor town window  
Loves its sickliest planting,  
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylonian  
vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses,  
Mixed with our sweet juices,  
Whether man or May-fly profit of the balm,  
As fair fingers healed  
Knights from the olden field,  
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest  
calm.  
Even the terror, poison,  
Hath its plea for blooming ;  
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the  
presuming.

And oh ! our sweet soul-taker,  
That thief, the honey-maker,  
What a house hath he by the thymy glen !  
In his talking rooms  
How the feasting fumes,  
Till the gold cups overflow to the mouths of men ;

The butterflies come aping  
Those fine thieves of ours,  
And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled flowers  
with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous !  
What fair service duteous  
Round some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine  
Elfin court 'twould seem ;  
And taught, perchance, that dream  
Which the old Greek mountain dreamt, upon nights  
divine.

To expound such wonder  
Human speech avails not ;  
Yet there dies no poorest weed that such a glory  
exhales not.

Think of all these treasures,  
Matchless works and pleasures,  
Every one a marvel, more than thought can say ;  
Then think in what bright showers  
We thicken fields and bowers,  
And with what heaps of sweetness half-stifle wanton  
May ;

Think of the mossy forests  
By the bee-birds haunted,  
And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as en-  
chanted.

Trees themselves are ours ;  
Fruits are born of flowers ;  
Peach, and roughest nut, were blossoms in the spring ;  
The lusty bee knows well  
The news, and comes pell-mell,  
And dances in the gloomy thicks with darksome  
antheming.

Beneath the very burthen  
Of planet-pressing ocean,  
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace, a thought for  
meek devotion.

Tears of Phœbus—missings  
Of Cytherea's kissings,  
Have in us been found, and wise men find them still ;  
Drooping grace unfurls  
Still Hyacinthus' curls,  
And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish rill ;  
Thy red lip, Adonis,  
Still is wet with morning ;  
And the step that bled for thee, the rosy brief adorning.

Oh ! true things are fables,  
Fit for sagest tables,  
And the flowers are true things, yet no fables they ;  
Fables were not more  
Bright, nor loved of yore— [pathway.  
Yet they grew not, like the flow'rs, by every old  
Grossest hand can test us ;  
Fools may prize us never—  
Yet we rise, and rise, and rise—marvels sweet for ever.

Who shall say that flowers  
Dress not Heav'n's own bowers ?  
Who its love, without us, can fancy—or sweet floor ?  
Who shall even dare  
To say we sprang not there,  
And came not down that Love might bring one  
piece of Heaven the more ?  
Oh ! pray believe that angels  
From those blue dominions,  
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their  
golden pinions.

## THE NARCISSUS.

BY JOHN KEATS.

WHAT first inspired a bard of old to sing  
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring?  
In some delicious ramble he had found  
A little space, with boughs all woven round;  
And in the midst of all a clearer pool  
Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool  
The blue sky, here and there serenely peeping,  
Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping;  
And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,  
A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of pride,  
Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness,  
To woo its own sad image into nearness;  
Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move,  
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.  
So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,  
Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot;  
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale  
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's vale.

---

## ON RECEIVING A BRANCH OF MEZEREON,

WHICH FLOWERED AT WOODSTOCK, DEC., 1809.

BY MRS. TIGHE.

ODOURS of spring, my sense ye charm  
With fragrance premature;  
And, 'mid these days of dark alarm,  
Almost to hope allure.  
Methinks with purpose soft ye come  
To tell of brighter hours,  
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,  
Her sunny gales and showers.



Alas ! for me shall May in vain  
The powers of life restore ;  
These eyes that weep and watch in pain  
Shall see her charms no more.  
No, no ; this anguish cannot last !  
Beloved friends, adieu !  
The bitterness of death were past,  
Could I resign but you.

But oh ! in every mortal pang  
That rends my soul from life—  
That soul, which seems on you to hang  
Through each convulsive strife,  
Even now, with agonising grasp  
Of terror and regret,  
To all in life its love would clasp,  
Clings close and closer yet.

Yet why, immortal, vital spark,  
Thus mortally opprest ?  
Look up, my soul, through prospects dark,  
And bid thy terrors rest ;  
Forget, forego thy earthly part,  
Thine heavenly being trust :  
Ah ! vain attempt ; my coward heart  
Still shuddering clings to dust.

O ye who soothe the pangs of death  
With love's own patient care,  
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,  
Still pour the fervent prayer.  
And ye, whose smile must greet my eye  
No more, nor voice my ear,  
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,  
And shed the pitying tear ;

Whose kindness (though far, far removed)  
My grateful thoughts perceive,  
Pride of my life, esteemed, beloved,  
My last sad claim receive !  
Oh ! do not quite your friend forget,  
Forget alone her faults ;  
And speak of her with fond regret  
Who asks your lingering thoughts.

---

### THE LITTLE RED ROSE.

FROM GOETHE.

A BOY caught sight of a Rose in a bower—  
A little Rose slily hiding  
Among the boughs ; oh ! the Rose was bright  
And young, and it glimmered like morning light.  
The urchin sought it with haste ; 'twas a flower  
A child indeed might take pride in—  
A little Rose, little Rose, little red Rose,  
Among the bushes hiding.

The wild boy shouted—"I'll pluck thee, Rose,  
Little Rose vainly hiding  
Among the boughs ;" but the little Rose spoke—  
"I'll prick thee, and that will prove no joke ;  
Unhurt, oh ! then will I mock thy woes,  
Whilst thou thy folly are chiding."  
Little Rose, little Rose, little red Rose,  
Among the bushes hiding !

But the rude boy laid his hands on the flower,  
The little Rose vainly hiding  
Among the boughs ; oh ! the Rose was caught,  
But it turned again, and pricked and fought,

And left with its spoiler a smart from that hour,  
A pain for ever abiding ;  
Little Rose, little Rose, little red Rose,  
Among the bushes hiding !

---

WILD FLOWERS.

BY SHELLEY.

I DREAMED that, as I wandered by the way,  
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,  
And gentle odours led my steps astray,  
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring  
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay  
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling  
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,  
But kissed it and then fled, as thou might'st in a  
dream.

There grew pied Wind-flowers and Violets,  
Daisies, those pearly Arcturi of the earth,  
The constellated flower that never sets ;  
Faint Oxlips ; tender Blue-bells, at whose birth  
The sod scarce heaved ; and that tall flower that wets  
Its mother's face with heaven-collected tears,  
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush Eglantine,  
Green Cowbind and the moonlight-coloured May,  
And cherry blossoms, and white cups, whose wine  
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the day ;  
And Wild Roses, and Ivy serpentine,  
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray,  
And flowers azure, black, and streaked with gold,  
Fairer than any wakened eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge  
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple pranked with  
And starry river-buds among the sedge, [white,  
And floating Water-lilies, broad and bright,  
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge  
With moonlight beams of their own watery light ;  
And bulrushes and reeds of such deep green  
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.  
Methought that of these visionary flowers  
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way  
That the same hues which in their natural bowers  
Were mingled or opposed, the like array  
Kept these imprisoned children of the hours  
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,  
I hastened to the spot whence I had come,  
That I might there present it !—Oh ! to whom ?

---

### CUPID INSPIRING PLANTS WITH LOVE.

BY DYER.

TEEMING with Nature's lively hues,  
I bid thee welcome, genial Spring ;  
While fancy wakes her thousand lyres,  
And woods and vales responsive sing.  
She comes ; lo ! Winter scowls away ;  
Harmonious forms start forth to view ;  
Nymphs tripping light in circles gay,  
Decked in their robes of virgin hue.  
Then I, on amorous sportings bent,  
Like a sly archer take my stand ;  
Wide through the world my shafts are sent,  
And every creature owns my hand.

First man, the lord of all below,  
A captive sinks beneath my dart ;  
And lovely woman, made to glow,  
Yields the dominion of her heart.

Through sea, and earth, and boundless sky,  
The fond subjection *all* must prove,  
Whether they swim the stream or fly,  
Mountain, or vale, or forest rove.

Nor less the garden's sweet domain,  
The mossy heath or verdant mead,  
The towering hill, the level plain,  
And fields with blooming life o'erspread.

---

THE ALPINE VIOLET.

BY LORD BYRON.

THE Spring is come, the Violet's gone,  
The first-born child of the early sun ;  
With us she is but a winter flower,  
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower ;  
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue,  
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

But when the Spring comes with her host  
Of flowers, that flower, beloved the most,  
Shrinks from the crowd, that may confuse  
Her heavenly odours and virgin hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember,  
Their herald, out of dire December ;  
The morning star of all the flowers,  
The pledge of daylight's lengthened hours,  
And, 'mid the Roses, ne'er forget  
The virgin, virgin Violet.

## TO A DAISY.

BY WORDSWORTH.

BRIGHT flower, whose home is everywhere,  
A pilgrim bold in Nature's care,  
And oft, the long year through, the heir  
    Of joy or sorrow ;  
Methinks that there abides in thee  
Some concord with humanity,  
Given to no other flower I see  
    The forest thorough !

And wherefore ? Man is soon deprest ;  
A thoughtless thing who, once unblest,  
Does little on his memory rest,  
    Or on his reason :  
But thou would'st teach him how to find  
A shelter under every wind ;  
A hope for times that are unkind,  
    And every season.

---

## THE IVY SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

OH ! how could fancy crown with thee  
    In ancient days the god of wine,  
And bid thee at the banquet be  
    Companion of the vine !  
Ivy ! thy home is where each sound  
    Of revelry hath long been o'er,  
Where song and beaker once went round,  
    But now are known no more.  
    Where long-fallen gods recline,  
    There the place is thine.

The Roman on his battle-plain,  
Where kings before his eagles bent,  
With thee, amidst exulting strains,  
Shadowed the victor's tent ;  
Though shining there in deathless green,  
Triumphally thy boughs might wave,  
Better thou lov'st the silent scene  
Around the victor's grave.  
Urn and sculpture half-divine  
Yield their place to thine.

The cold halls of the regal dead,  
Where lone the Italian sunbeams dwell,  
Where hollow sounds the lightest tread—  
Ivy ! they know thee well !  
And far above the festal vine, [hung,  
Thou wav'st where once proud banners  
Where mouldering turrets crest the Rhine—  
The Rhine, still fresh and young !  
Tower and rampart o'er the Rhine,  
Ivy ! all are thine !

High from the fields of air look down  
Those eyries of a vanished race,  
Where harp, and battle, and renown,  
Have passed, and left no trace.  
But thou art there ! serenely bright,  
Meeting the mountain storms with bloom,  
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,  
Or crown the lowliest tomb ?  
Ivy, Ivy ! all are thine,  
Palace, hearth, and shrine.

'Tis still the same ; our pilgrim tread  
O'er classic plains, through deserts free,

On the mute path of ages fled,  
Still meets decay and thee.  
And still let man his fabrics rear,  
August in beauty, stern in power,—  
Days pass—thou Ivy never sere !  
And thou shalt have thy dower.  
All are thine, or must be thine !—  
Temple, pillar, shrine !

---

### DAFFODILS.

BY WORDSWORTH.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host of golden Daffodils ;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.  
Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle in the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay :  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.  
The waves beside them danced ; but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company ;  
I gazed and gazed, but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought !  
For oft when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,



They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude ;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the Daffodils.

---

## ADONIS' COUCH.

BY JOHN KEATS.

ON a silken couch of rosy pride,  
In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth  
Of fondest beauty ; fonder in fair sooth  
Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach  
And coverlids gold-tinted like the peach,  
Or ripe October's faded Marigolds,  
Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds—  
Not hiding up an Apollonian curve  
Of neck and shoulder, nor the tending swerve  
Of knee from knee, nor ankles pointing light ;  
But rather giving them to the filled sight  
Officiously. Sideway his face reposed  
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,  
By tend'rest pressure, a faint damask mouth,  
To slumb'ry pout ; just as the morning south  
Disparts a dew-lipped rose. Above his head  
Four lily stalks did their wide honours wed  
To make a coronet ; and round him grew  
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,  
Together intertwined and trammelled fresh :  
The vine of glossy sprout ; the ivy mesh  
Shading its Ethiop berries ; and woodbine,  
Of velvet leaves and bugle blooms divine ;  
Convolvulus in streakéd vases flush ;  
The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush

And virgin's-bower, trailing airily,  
 With others of the sisterhood. Hard by,  
 Stood serene Cupids watching silently.  
 One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,  
 Muffling to death the pathos with his wings ;  
 And, ever and anon, uprose to look  
 At the youth's slumber ; while another took  
 A willow bough, distilling odorous dew,  
 And shook it on his hair ; another flew  
 In through the woven roof, and fluttering wise,  
 Rained Violets upon his sleeping eyes.

—♦—  
 SONNET.

BY SPENSER.

SWEET is the rose, but growes upon a brere ;  
 Sweet is the Juniper, but sharpe his bough ;  
 Sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere ;  
 Sweet is the Firbloom, but his branches rough ;  
 Sweet is the Cypress, but his rind is tough,  
 Sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill ;  
 Sweet is the Broome-flowere, but yet sowre enough ;  
 And sweet is Moly, but his roote is ill.  
 So every sweet with sowre is tempred still,  
 That maketh it be coveted the more :  
 For easie things that may be got at will,  
 Most sorts of men doe set but little store.  
 Why then should I account of little pain,  
 That endless pleasure shall unto me gaine ?



THE FLOWER-DIAL.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours,  
As they floated in light away,  
By the opening and the folding flowers,  
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,  
And its graceful cup and bell,  
In whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,  
Like a pearl in an ocean shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed  
In a golden current on,  
Ere from the garden, man's first abode,  
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told—  
Those days of song and dreams—  
When shepherds gathered their flocks of old,  
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest  
Far off in a breezeless main,  
Which many a bark, with a weary quest,  
Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,  
Marked thus—even thus—on earth,  
By the closing of one hope's delight,  
And another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live so that flower by flower,  
Shutting in turn, may leave  
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,  
A charm for the shaded eve.

## SPRING FLOWERS.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

## DAFFODILS

That come before the swallow dares, and take  
 The winds of March with beauty ; Violets dim,  
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
 Or Cytherea's breath ; pale Primroses,  
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
 Bright Phœbus in his strength ;

Bold Oxlips, and  
 The crown imperial ; Lilies of all kinds,  
 The flower-de-luce being one.

## BOWING ADORERS.

BY CLARE.

BOWING adorers of the gale,  
 Ye *Cowslips* delicately pale,  
 Upraise your loaded stems ;  
 Unfold your cups in splendour ; speak !  
 Who decked you with that ruddy streak,  
 And gilt your golden gems ?

*Violets*, sweet tenants of the shade,  
 In purple's richest pride arrayed,  
 Your errand here fulfil ;  
 Go, bid the artist's simple strain  
 Your lustre imitate in vain,  
 And match your Maker's skill.

*Daisies*, ye flowers of lowly birth,  
 Embroid'ers of the carpet earth,  
 That stud the velvet sod ;  
 Open to Spring's refreshing air,  
 In sweetest smiling bloom declare  
 Your Maker, and my God.

---

FRAGMENT.

BY COWPER.

SOME clothe the soil that feeds them, far diffused  
And lowly creeping, modest and yet fair,  
Like virtue, thriving most where little seen ;  
Some, more aspiring, catch the neighbour shrub  
With clasping tendrils, and invest his branch,  
Else unadorned, with many a gay festoon  
And fragrant chaplet, recompensing well  
The strength they borrow with the grace they lend.



TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH.

BY BURNS.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipp'd flower,  
Thou'st met me in an evil hour ;  
For I maun crush among the stour  
    Thy slender stem ;  
To spare thee now is past my power,  
    Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebour sweet,  
The bonnie lark, companion meet,  
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,  
    Wi' speckled breast,  
When upward springing, blithe, to greet  
    The purplin' east.

Cauld blew the bitter biting north  
Upon thy early, humble birth :  
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth  
    Amid the storm,

Scarce reared above the parent earth  
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,  
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield ;  
But thou, beneath the random bield  
O' clod or stane,  
Adorns the histie stibble-field,  
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,  
Thy snowy bosom sunward spread,  
Thou lifts thy unassuming head  
In humble guise ;  
But now the share uptears thy bed,  
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,  
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !  
By love's simplicity betrayed,  
And guileless trust ;  
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid  
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,  
On life's rough ocean, luckless starred !  
Unskilful he to note the card  
Of prudent lore,  
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,  
And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,  
Who long with wants and woes has striven,  
By human pride or cunning driven  
To misery's brink,  
Till, wrenched of every stay but Heaven,  
He ruined sink !

E'en thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,  
That fate is thine—no distant date ;  
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,  
Full on thy bloom,  
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight  
Shall be thy doom.

---

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

OH ! wear it on thy heart, my love,  
Still, still a little while ;  
Sweetness is lingering in its leaves,  
Though faded be their smile.  
Yet for the sake of what hath been,  
Oh ! cast it not away ;  
'Twas born to grace a summer scene,  
A long, bright, golden day !  
My love,  
A long, bright, golden day !

A little while around thee, love,  
Its fragrance yet shall cling,  
Telling that on thy heart hath lain  
A fair, though faded thing.  
But not even that warm heart hath power  
To win it back from fate :—  
Oh ! I am like thy broken flower,  
Cherished too late, too late,  
My love,  
Cherished, alas ! too late.

## THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.

BY JOHN STERLING.

Low spake the Knight to the peasant girl,

"I tell thee sooth—I am belted Earl ;

Fly with me from this garden small,

And thou shalt sit in my castle's hall.

"Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, and pleasure,

Joys beyond thy fancy's measure ;

Here with my sword and horse I stand,

To bear thee away to my distant land.

"Take, thou fairest, this full-blown Rose,

A token of love that as ripely blows."

With his glove of steel he plucked the token,

But it fell from his gauntlet crushed and broken.

The maiden exclaimed—"Thou seest, Sir Knight,

Thy fingers of iron can only smite ;

And, like the Rose thou hast torn and scattered,

I in thy grasp should be wrecked and shattered."

She trembled and blushed, and her glances fell ;

But she turned from the Knight, and said

"Farewell !"

"Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize ;

I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyes."

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,

And he mounted and spurred with furious heel ;

But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,

Who snatched his bow from above the fire.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,

Swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped ;

And the weight that pressed on the fleet-foot horse,

Was the living man, and the woman's corse.







That morning the Rose was bright of hue :  
That morning the maiden was fair to view :  
But evening sun its beauty shed  
On the withered leaves, and the maiden dead.

---

THE ROSE.

BY WALLER.

Go, lovely Rose !  
Tell her that wastes her time on me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired ;  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee ;  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

Yet, though thou fade,  
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise ;  
And teach the maid  
That goodness Time's rude hand defies ;  
That virtue lives when beauty dies.

## HEART'S-EASE.

I USED to love thee, simple flower—  
To love thee dearly when a boy ;  
For thou didst seem in childhood's hour  
The smiling type of childhood's joy.  
But now thou only work'st my grief,  
By waking thoughts of pleasures fled.  
Give me—give me the withered leaf,  
That falls on Autumn's bosom dead.  
For that ne'er tells of what has been,  
But warns me what I soon shall be ;  
It looks not back on pleasure's scene,  
But points unto futurity.  
I love thee not, thou simple flower,  
For thou art gay, and I am lone ;  
Thy beauty died with childhood's hour—  
The Heart's-ease from my path is gone.

—♦—  
THE MOSS-ROSE.

BY JOHN STERLING.

MOSSY Rose on mossy stone,  
Flowering 'mid the ruins lone,  
I have learnt, beholding thee,  
Youth and Age may well agree.  
Baby germ of freshest hue,  
Out of ruin issuing new ;  
Moss a long laborious growth,  
And one stalk supporting both.  
Thus may still, while fades the past,  
Life come forth again as fast ;  
Happy if the relics sere  
Deck a cradle, not a bier.

Tear the garb, the spirit flies,  
And the heart, unsheltered, dies ;  
Kill within the nursling flower,  
Scarce the green survives an hour.

Ever thus together live,  
And to man a lesson give :  
Moss, the work of vanished years ;  
Rose, that but to-day appears.

Moss, that covers dateless tombs ;  
Bud with early sweet that blooms ;  
Childhood thus, in happy rest,  
Lies on ancient Wisdom's breast.

Moss and Rose, and Age and Youth,  
Flush and Verdure, Hope and Truth,  
Yours be peace that knows not strife,  
One the root and one the life.

---

## THE HYACINTH.

BY CASIMIR.

CHILD of the Spring, thou charming flower,  
No longer in confinement lie,  
Arise to light, thy form discover,  
Rival the azure of the sky.

The rains are gone, the storms are o'er ;  
Winter retires to make thee way ;  
Come then, thou sweetly blooming flower,  
Come, lovely stranger, come away.

The sun is dressed in beaming smiles,  
To give thy beauties to the day :  
Young zephyrs wait with gentlest gales,  
To fan thy bosom as they play.

## THE QUEEN OF THE GARDEN.

BY MOORE.

IF Jove would give the leafy bowers  
A queen for all their world of flowers,  
The Rose would be the choice of Jove,  
And reign the queen of every grove.  
Sweetest child of weeping morning,  
Gem the vest of earth adorning,  
Eye of flow'rets, glow of lawns,  
Bud of beauty, nursed by dawns ;  
Soft the soul of love it breathes,  
Cypria's brow with magic wreathes,  
And to the zephyr's warm caresses  
Diffuses all its verdant tresses,  
Till, glowing with the wanton's play,  
It blushes a diviner ray !



## THE COWSLIP.

UNFOLDING to the breeze of May,  
The Cowslip greets the vernal ray,  
The topaz and the ruby gem,  
Her blossom's simple diadem ;  
And, as the dew-drops gently fall,  
They tip with pearls her coronal.  
In princely halls and courts of kings  
Its lustrous ray the diamond flings ;  
Yet few of those who see its beam,  
Amid the torch-light's dazzling gleam,  
As bright as though a meteor shone,  
Can call the costly prize their own.  
But gems of every form and hue  
Are glittering here in morning dew ;

Jewels that all alike may share  
As freely as the common air ;  
No niggard hand, or jealous eye,  
Protects them from the passer by.

Man to his brother shuts his heart,  
And Science acts a miser's part ;  
But Nature, with a liberal hand,  
Flings wide her stores o'er sea and land.  
If gold she gives, not single grains  
Are scattered far across the plains ;  
But, lo ! the desert streams are rolled  
O'er precious beds of virgin gold.  
If flowers she offers, wreaths are given,  
As countless as the stars of heaven ;  
Or music—'tis no feeble note  
She bids along the valleys float ;  
Ten thousand nameless melodies  
In one full chorus swell the breeze.

Oh ! Art is but a scanty rill  
That genial seasons scarcely fill ;  
But Nature needs no tide's return  
To fill afresh her flowing urn :  
She gathers all her rich supplies  
Where never-failing waters rise.

---

TO THE ROUND-LEAFED SUNDEW.

By the lone fountain's secret bed,  
Where human footsteps rarely tread,  
'Mid the wild moor of silent glen,  
The Sundew blooms unseen by men ,  
Spreads there her leaf of rosy hue,  
A chalice for the morning dew,  
And, ere the summer's sun can rise,  
Drinks the pure waters of the skies.

Would'st thou that thy lot were given  
 Thus to receive the dews of heaven,  
 With heart prepared, like this meek flower?  
 Come, then, and hail the dawning hour;  
 So shall a blessing from on high,  
 Pure as the rain of summer's sky,  
 Unsullied as the morning dew,  
 Descend, and all thy soul imbue.

Yes! like the blossoms of the waste  
 Would we the sky-born waters taste,  
 To the High Fountain's sacred spring  
 The chalice let us humbly bring:  
 So shall we find the streams of heaven  
 To him who seeks are freely given;  
 The morning and the evening dew  
 Shall still our failing strength renew.

---

### A CYPRESS LEAF:

FOR THE GRAVE OF A DEAR ONE.

THE feelings I have felt have died away,  
 The love that was my lamp death's dews have  
 quenched;  
 The faith which, through life's ills, ne'er knew  
 decay,  
 Hath in the chill showers of the grave been  
 drenched;  
 The hopes that buoyed my spirit 'mid the spray  
 Of life's wild ocean, one by one are wrenched—  
 Cruelly wrenched away,—and I am now  
 A solitary leaf on a rent bough!  
 The link that knit me to mankind is snapped—  
 Briefly it bound me to a callous world;  
 The fortress of my comfort hath been sapped—  
*Where* are Joy's banners, lightsomely unfurled.



That graced the battlements? In vapour wrapped,  
In the dense smoke of stifled breath upcurled,  
They drop in tatters, forming now a pall  
For the sad mummy-heart that drips with gall.

I have not now of broken troth to wail,  
I have not now to speak of friendship broken ;  
Of Death and Death's wild triumphs is my tale—  
Of friendship faithful, and of love's last token,  
A ring !—whose holy motto ne'er shall fail

To rouse such sorrow as may ne'er be spoken :  
That pictured Dove and Branch—those words  
“ *La Paix !* ”

(O direful mockery !) wear my heart away ! \*

“ *Peace ?* ”—Peace ! alas, there is no peace for me.

It rests with thee, belov'd one, in the grave !  
Yet, when I search the cells of Memory,

Where silently the subterranean wave  
Of buried hope glides on, a thought of thee—

Like sunshine on the hermit's darkened cave—  
Steals gently o'er my spirit, whispering sweet  
Of realms beyond the tomb, where we *shall* meet !

Our love—how did it spring? In sooth it grew,

Even as some rare exotic in a clime  
Unfriendly to its growth : yet rich in hue,

Voluptuous in fragrance, as if Time  
Had been to it all sunlight and soft dew,—

As if upon its freshness the cold rime  
Of death should never fall ! How came it, then?  
Even as the manna fell 'midst famished men,

---

\* A melancholy anecdote is attached to these lines ;  
the motto “ *LA PAIX* ” was engraved on the bequeathed  
gift of a beloved friend, who, in the bloom of youth,  
fell a victim to a sudden and violent death in India.

To be snatched up in transport ! And we fed  
Upon affection's banquet, that ne'er palled  
Upon the spirit's palate ! Friendship shied

A light around our bosoms, which recalled  
The memory of that bard whose soul was wed—

With love surpassing woman's love, ungalled  
By selfish doubts—to him, the monarch's son,  
Brave Jonathan ! Like theirs, our souls were one.

Oh ! long we loved in silence ! Neither spake  
Of that which worked the thoughtful mine within ;

*Thou* didst not guess that, sleeping or awake,  
My thoughts were full of thee till thought grew  
For it *is* sin of earthly things to make [sin :

Our idols ; and I never hoped to win

Thy coveted affection ; but for me,

*Thy* heart was also yearning silently !

I was the first to speak—and words there were,  
Wild words, that painted fond affection's course ;

Oh ! what indeed will erring tongues not dare,  
When conquering Feeling prompts ! Like winds  
that force

From wind-harps mystic sounds, the lips declare

Thoughts that are often followed by remorse ;

For passion hath a potency that breaks

Each puny bulwark callous Reason makes !

But ours was Friendship's purest worship—pure,

Altho' that worship bowed at earthly shrines ;

Alas ! that hearts on altars insecure

Should sacrifice their *all* of bliss ! There twines  
O'er mankind's sweetest hopes corruption sure,

To blast their beauty e'en whilst most it shines !

'Tis but to teach us there are worlds above,

Where Hope fruition finds in endless Love !

## WILD FLOWERS.

BY JOHN KEATS.

I STOOD tiptoe upon a little hill ;  
The air was cooling, and so very still,  
That the sweet buds which, with a modest pride,  
Fell droopingly in slanting curve aside,  
Their scanty-leaved and finely tapering stems  
Had not yet lost their starry diadems,  
Caught from the early sobbings of the morn.  
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new shorn,  
And fresh from the clear brook ; sweetly they slept  
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept  
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,  
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves ;  
For not the faintest motion could be seen  
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.  
There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,  
To peer about upon variety ;  
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,  
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim ;  
To picture out the quaint and curious bending  
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending ;  
Or by the bowery clefts and leafy shelves,  
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.  
I gazed awhile, and felt as light and free  
As though the fanning wings of Mercury  
Had played upon my heels : I was light-hearted,  
And many pleasures to my vision started ;  
So I straightway began to pluck a posy  
Of luxuries bright, milky, soft, and rosy.  
A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them ;  
Ah ! sure no tasteful nook could be without them ;  
And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,

And let long grass grow round the roots, to keep them  
Moist, cool, and green ; and shade the violets,  
That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert edge, with wild-brier overtwined,  
And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind  
Upon their summer thrones ; there, too, should be  
The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,  
That with a score of bright-green brethren shoots  
From the quaint mossiness of aged roots :  
Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters,  
Prattling so wildly of its lovely daughters,  
The spreading blue-bells : it may haply mourn  
That such fair clusters should be rudely torn  
From their fresh beds, and scattered thoughtlessly  
By infant hands left on the path to die.  
Open afresh your round of starry folds,  
Ye ardent marigolds !  
Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,  
For great Apollo bids  
That in these days your praises should be sung  
On many harps, which he has lately strung ;  
And when again your dewiness he kisses,  
Tell him I have you in my world of blisses :  
So, haply, when I rove in some far vale,  
His voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet-peas, on tiptoe for a flight,  
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,  
And taper fingers catching at all things,  
To bind them all about with tiny rings.  
What next ? a turf of evening primroses,  
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes ;  
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,  
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap  
Of buds into ripe flowers.

THE JASMINE.

BY MOORE.

'Twas midnight—through the lattice wreathed  
With Woodbine, many a perfume breathed  
From plants that wake when others sleep ;  
From timid Jasmine buds that keep  
Their odour to themselves all day ;  
But when the sunlight dies away,  
Let the delicious secret out  
To every breeze that roams about.

TO PRIMROSES

FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

BY HERRICK.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes ? Can tears  
Speak grief in you,  
Who were but born  
Just as the modest morn  
Teemed her refreshing dew ?  
Alas ! ye have not known that shower  
That mars a flower ;  
Nor felt the unkind  
Breath of a blasting wind ;  
Nor are ye worn with years ;  
Or warped as we,  
Who think it strange to see  
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,  
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.  
Speak, whimpering younglings, and make known  
The reason why  
Ye droop and weep.

Is it for want of sleep,  
Or childish lullaby?  
Or that ye have not seen as yet  
The violet?  
Or brought a kiss  
From that sweetheart to this?  
No, no ; this sorrow shown  
By your tears shed,  
Would have this lecture read :  
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,  
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought  
forth.

---

### THE DAISY.

BY JOHN MASON GOOD.

NOT worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,  
Need we to prove that God is here ;  
The Daisy, fresh from Winter's sleep,  
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.  
For who but He who arched the skies,  
And poured the day-spring's living flood,  
Wondrous alike in all He tries,  
Could rear the Daisy's purple bud ;  
Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,  
Its fringed border nicely spin,  
And cut the gold-embossed gem  
That, set in silver, gleams within ;  
And fling it unrestrained and free,  
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,  
That man, where'er he walks, may see,  
At every step, the stamp of God ?

FROM METASTASIO.

The married are compared by the poet to the young Rose, which the lover places in the bosom of his mistress, first stripped of thorns.

THOU virgin Rose ! whose opening leaves so fair,  
The dawn has nourished with her balmy dews,  
While softest whispers of the morning air  
Called forth the blushes of thy vermeil hues ;  
That cautious hand, which cropt thy youthful pride,  
Transplants thy honours, where from hurt secure,  
Stript of each thorn offensive to thy side,  
Thy nobler part alone shall bloom mature.

Thus thou, a flower, exempt from change of skies,  
By storms and torrents unassailed shall rise,  
And scorn the winter colds and summer heats ;  
A guard more faithful than thy growth shall tend,  
By whom thou may'st in tranquil union blend  
Eternal beauties with eternal sweets.

---

THE NARCISSUS.

BY GAY.

HERE young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,  
And viewed his image in the crystal flood ;  
The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,  
And the pleased image strives to meet his arms.  
No nymph his inexperienced breast subdued,  
Echo in vain the flying boy pursued.  
Himself alone the foolish youth admires,  
And with fond look the smiling shade desires ;  
O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves ;  
His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves ;

Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,  
And in a short-lived flower his beauty blows.  
Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,  
That beauty's but a transient good at best ;  
Like flowers it withers with the advancing year,  
And age, like winter, robs the blooming fair.

---

### A SONG OF THE ROSE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

ROSE ! what dost thou here ?  
Bridal, royal Rose !  
How, 'midst grief and fear,  
Canst thou thus disclose  
That fervid hue of love which to thy heart-leaf glows ?  
Rose ! too much arrayed  
For triumphal hours,  
Look'st thou through the shade  
Of these mortal bowers,  
Not to disturb my soul, thou crowned one of all  
flowers !  
As an eagle soaring  
Through a sunny sky,  
As a clarion pouring  
Notes of victory,  
So dost *thou* kindle thoughts, for earthly life too  
high—  
Thoughts of rapture flushing  
Youthful poet's cheek,  
Thoughts of glory rushing  
Forth in song to break,  
But finding the spring-tide of rapid song too weak.



Yet, oh ! festal Rose,  
I have seen thee lying  
In thy bright repose  
Pillowed with the dying,  
*Thy* crimson by the life's quick blood was flying.

Summer, hope, and love,  
O'er that bed of pain,  
Meet in thee, yet wove  
Too, too frail a claim  
In its embracing links the lovely to detain.

Smil'st thou, gorgeous flower?—  
Oh ! within the spells  
Of thy beauty's power  
Something dimly dwells,  
At variance with a world of sorrows and farewells.

All the soul forth flowing  
In that rich perfume,  
All the proud life glowing  
In that radiant bloom,  
Have they no place but here, beneath the o'er-  
shadowing tomb?

Crown'st thou but the daughters  
Of our tearful race?—  
Heaven's own purest waters  
Well might bear the trace  
Of thy consummate form, melting to softer grace.

Will that clime enfold thee  
With immortal air?  
Shall we not behold thee  
Bright and deathless there?  
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendently more fair?

Yes ! my fancy sees thee  
In that light disclose,  
And its dream thus frees thee  
From the mist of woes,  
Darkening *thine* earthly bowers, O bridal, royal  
Rose !

---

### THE ROSE.

FROM BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

OF all flowers,  
Methinks a Rose is best . . .  
It is the very emblem of a maid ;  
For when the west winds court her gently,  
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun  
With her chaste blushes ! When the north comes  
near her,  
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,  
She locks her beauties in her bud again,  
And leaves him to base briers.

---

### THE CAPTIVE AND THE FLOWERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

CAPTIVE.

A FLOWER that's wondrous fair, I know,  
My bosom holds it dear ;  
To seek that flower I long to go,  
But am imprisoned here.  
'Tis no light grief oppresses me ;  
For in the days my steps were free,  
I had it always near.

Far round the tower I send mine eye,  
The tower so steep and tall ;  
But nowhere can the flower descry  
From this high castle wall ;  
And him who'll bring me my desire,  
Or be he knight, or be he squire,  
My dearest friend I'll call.

ROSE.

My blossoms near thee I disclose,  
And hear thy wretched plight ;  
Thou meanest me, no doubt, the Rose,  
Thou noble, hapless knight.  
A lofty mind in thee is seen,  
And in thy bosom reigns the queen .  
Of flowers, as is her right.

CAPTIVE.

Thy crimson bud I duly prize  
In outer robe of green ;  
For this thou'rt dear in maiden's eys,  
As gold and jewels' sheen.  
Thy wreath adorns the fairest brow,  
And yet the flower—'tis not thou  
Whom my still wishes mean.

LILY.

The little Rose has cause for pride,  
And upwards aye will soar ;  
Yet am I held by many a bride  
The Rose's wreath before.  
And beats thy bosom faithfully,  
And art thou true, and pure as I,  
Thou'lt prize the Lily more.

## CAPTIVE.

I call myself both chaste and pure,  
And pure from passions low ;  
And yet these walls my limbs immure  
In loneliness and woe.  
Though thou dost seem, in white array,  
Like many a pure and beauteous maid,  
One dearer thing I know.

## PINK.

And dearer I, the Pink, must be,  
And me thou sure dost choose,  
Or else the gard'ner ne'er for me  
Such watchful care would use ;  
A crowd of leaves enriching bloom !  
And mine through life the sweet perfume,  
And all the thousand hues.

## CAPTIVE.

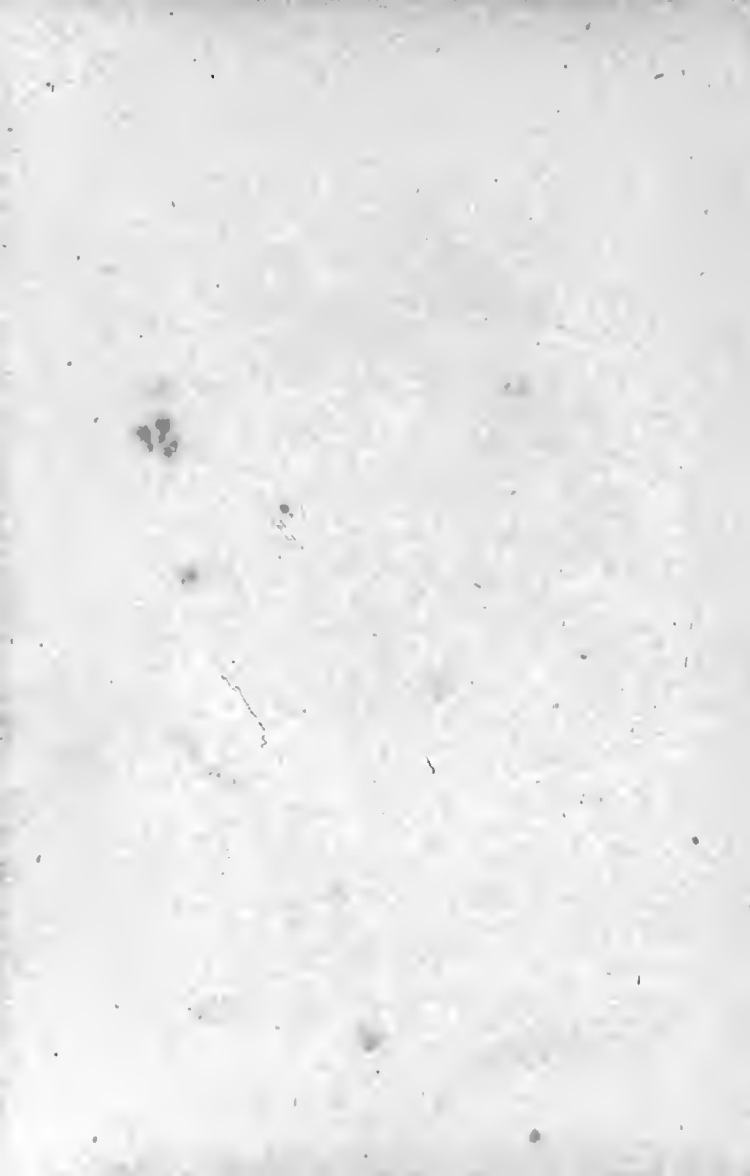
The Pink can no one justly slight,  
The gard'ner's favourite flower ;  
He sets it now beneath the light,  
Now shields it from its power.  
Yet 'tis not pomp, who o'er this rest  
In splendour shines, can make me blest ;  
It is a still, small flower.

## VIOLET.

I stand concealed, and bending low,  
And do not love to speak ;  
Yet will I, as 'tis fitting now,  
My wonted silence break.  
For if 'tis I, thou gallant man,  
Thy heart desires, thine, if I can,  
My perfumes all I'll make.



M. S. WARD & CO. LONDON



## CAPTIVE.

The Violet I esteem indeed,  
So modest and so kind ;  
Its fragrance sweet yet more I need,  
To soothe mine anguished mind.  
To you the truth will I confess ;  
Here, mid this rocky dreariness,  
My love I ne'er shall find.  
The truest wife by yonder brook  
Will roam the mournful day,  
And hither cast the anxious look,  
Long as immured I stay.  
Whene'er she breaks a small blue flower,  
And says, " Forget me not ! " the power  
I feel, though far away.  
Yes, e'en though far, I feel its might,  
For true love joins us twain,  
And therefore 'mid the dungeon's night  
I still in life remain.  
And sinks my heart at my hard lot,  
I but exclaim, " Forget me not ! "  
And straight new life regain.

---

## FRAGMENT.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AND well the lonely infant knew  
Recesses where the Wallflower grew,  
And Honeysuckle loved to crawl  
Up the low crag and ruined wall.  
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade  
The sun in all his round surveyed,  
And still I thought that shattered tower  
The mightiest work of human power.

## I SEND THE LILIES GIVEN TO ME.

BY BYRON.

I SEND the Lilies given to me,  
Though, long before thy hand they touch,  
I know that they must withered be ;  
But yet reject them not as such :  
For I have cherished them as dear,  
Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,  
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,  
And offered from my heart to thine !

The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground,  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some fresher beauty varying round ;  
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound,  
Through life to dwell delighted here ;  
Nor could on earth a spot be found  
To nature and to me so dear.  
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,  
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

---

THE FURZE.

'MID scattered foliage, pale and sere,  
Thy kind flow'ret cheers the gloom ;  
And offers to the waning year  
The tribute of its golden bloom.

'Neath November's clouded sky,  
In chill December's stormy hours,



Thy blossom meets the traveller's eye,  
Gay as the buds of summer bowers.  
Flower of the dark and wintry day !  
Emblem of friendship ! thee I hail !  
Blooming when others fade away,  
And brightest when their hues grow pale.

---

TO DAFFODILS.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see  
You haste away so soon ;  
As yet, the early-rising sun  
Has not attained its noon.  
Stay, stay,  
Until the hastening day  
Has run  
But to the even song ;  
And having prayed together, we  
Will go with you along.  
We have short time to stay as you,  
We have as short a spring ;  
As quick a growth to meet decay,  
As you or any thing.  
We die,  
As your hours do, and dry  
Away,  
Like to the summer's rain,  
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,  
Ne'er to be found again.

## TO THE PRIMROSE.

BY BIDLAKE.

PALE visitant of balmy Spring,  
Joy of the new-born year,  
That bidd'st young Hope new-plume his wing,  
Soon as thy buds appear :  
While o'er the incense-breathing sky  
The tepid hours first dare to fly,  
And vainly woo the chilling breeze  
That, bred in Winter's frozen lap,  
Still struggling chains the lingering sap  
Within the widowed trees.

Remote from towns, thy transient life  
Is spent in skies more pure ;  
The suburb smoke, the seat of strife,  
Thou canst but ill endure.  
Coy rustic ! thou art blooming found  
Where artless Nature's charms abound,  
Sweet neighbour of the chanter rill ;  
Well pleased to sip the silvery tide,  
Or nodding o'er the fountain's side,  
Self-gazing, look thy fill ;

Or, on the dingle's shadowy steep,  
The gaudy Furze beneath,  
Thy modest beauties sweetly peep,  
Thy chaster odours breathe.  
From luxury we turn aside,  
From wealth and ostentatious pride,  
With many an emblematic thorn,  
Thy humbler mien well pleased to meet ;  
Like competence in blest retreat,  
Thy smiles the Spring adorn.

What though thou boast no splendid hue  
Of Flora's prouder race?

To me more fair art thou to view,  
In all thy simple grace:  
Thine innocence and beauty meek,  
More like my Celestina's cheek,  
Where all the modest virtues play;  
Expression beaming from her eye,  
In cherub smiles of chastity,  
With mild and tempered ray.

Yet treasures lurk within thy lips,  
To glad the spoiler bee,  
Who not with idle errand sips,  
Or wanton vagrancy.  
Ah! blest is he who temperance tries,  
Simplicity above disguise,  
And shuns the falser gloss of art;  
'Tis he extracts a bliss refined,  
Congenial to the virtuous mind,  
The tender feeling heart.

Thy smiles young innocence invite,  
What time thy lids awake,  
In shadowy lane to taste delight,  
Or mazy, tangled brake.  
The infant troop of rosy hue,  
And gay with health, I seem to view,  
While pleasure lights their laughing eyes;  
With little hands a wreath combine,  
Their fugitive delights entwine,  
And boast their fragrant prize.

Ah! happy breasts! unknown to pain,  
I would not spoil your joys;

Nor vainly teach you to complain  
Of life's delusive toys.  
Be jocund still, still sport and smile,  
Nor dream of woe or future guile ;  
For soon shall ye, awakened, find  
The joys of life's sad thorny way  
But fading flow'rets of a day,  
Cut down by every wind.

---

### FADED FLOWERS.

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

FADED flowers,  
Sweet faded flowers,  
Beauty and death  
Have ruled your hours.  
Ye woke in bloom but a morn ago,  
And now are your blossoms in dust laid low.

But yesterday,  
With the breeze ye strove—  
In the play of life,  
In the pride of love ;  
To and fro swung each radiant head,  
That now is drooping, and pale, and dead !

Delicate flower,  
With the pearl-white bells,  
No more shall dew-drop  
Sleep in thy cells !  
No more, rich Rose, on thy heaving breast,  
The honey-bee fold his wings to rest !

Fair myrtle tree,  
Thy blossoms lie low,  
But green above them  
Thy branches grow ;  
Like a buried love, or a vanished joy,  
Linked into memories none destroy.

Faded flowers,  
Sweet faded flowers !—  
Fair frail records  
Of Eden's bowers ;  
In a world where sorrow and wrong bear sway,  
Why should ye linger?—away ! away !—

What were the emblems  
Pride to stain,  
Might ye your glorious  
Crowns retain ?  
And what for the young heart, bowed with grief,  
Were the Rose ne'er seen with a withered leaf !

Ye bloom to tell us  
What once hath been ;  
What yet shall in heaven  
Again be seen ;  
Ye die, that man in his strength may learn  
How vain the hopes in his heart that burn.

Many in form,  
And bright in hue !  
I know your fate—  
But the earth to strew—  
And my soul flies on to immortal bowers, [flowers—  
Where the heart and the Rose are not faded

## THE ROSES.

BY BOWRING.

I SAW them once blowing,  
While morning was glowing ;  
But now are their withered leaves strewed o'er the  
ground,  
For tempests to play on,  
For cold worms to prey on,  
The shame of the garden that triumphs around.  
Their buds which then flourished,  
With dew-drops were nourished,  
Which turned into pearls as they fell from on high ;  
Their hues are all banished,  
Their fragrance all vanished,  
Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.  
I saw, too, whole races  
Of glories and graces  
Thus open and blossom, but quickly decay ;  
And smiling and gladness,  
In sorrow and sadness,  
Ere life reached its twilight, fade dimly away.  
Joy's light-hearted dances,  
And melody's glances,  
Are rays of a moment—are dying when born ;  
And pleasure's best dower  
Is nought but a flower,  
A vanishing dew-drop—a gem of the morn.  
The bright eye is clouded,  
Its brilliancy shrouded,  
Our strength disappears, we are helpless and lone ;  
No reason avails us,  
And intellect fails us ;  
Life's spirit is wasted, and darkness comes on.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

PRETTY firstling of the year !  
Herald of the host of flowers !  
Hast thou left thy cavern drear,  
In the hope of summer hours ?  
Back unto thy earthen bowers,  
Back to thy warm world below,  
Till the strength of suns and showers  
Quell the now relentless snow !

Art *still* here ?—Alive ? and blithe ?  
Though the stormy night hath fled,  
And the Frost hath passed his scythe  
O'er thy small unsheltered head ?  
Ah ! some lie amid the dead  
(Many a giant stubborn tree,—  
Many a plant, its spirits shed),  
That were better nursed than thee !

What hath saved thee ? Thou wast not  
'Gainst the arrowy winter furred—  
Armed in scale—but all forgot  
When the frozen winds were stirred.  
Nature, who doth clothe the bird,  
Should have hid thee in the earth,  
Till the cuckoo's song was heard,  
And the Spring let loose her mirth.

Nature—deep and mystic word,  
Mighty mother ! still unknown ;  
Thou didst sure the Snowdrop gird  
With an armour all thy own !

Thou, who send'st it forth alone  
To the cold and sullen season  
(Like a thought at random thrown),  
Sent it thus for some grave reason !

If 'twere but to pierce the mind  
With a single gentle thought,  
Who shall deem thee harsh or blind ?  
Who that thou hast vainly wrought ?  
Hoard the gentle virtue caught  
From the Snowdrop—reader wise !  
Good is good, wherever taught,  
On the ground or in the skies !

---

### TO THE JESSAMINE.

BY MISS JANE TAYLOR.

SWEET Jessamine ! long may thy elegant flower  
Breathe fragrance and solace for me !  
And long thy green sprigs overshadow the bower  
Devoted to friendship and thee.

The eye that was dazzled where Lilies and Roses  
Their brilliant assemblage displayed,  
With grateful delight on thy verdure reposes,  
A tranquil and delicate shade.

But ah ! what dejection that foliage expresses  
Which pensively droops on her breast !  
The dew of the evening has laden her tresses,  
And stands like a tear on her crest.

I'll watch by thy side through the gloom of the  
Impatient till morning appears :  
No charm can awaken this heart to delight,  
My Jessamine, while thou art in tears.



But soon will the shadows of night be withdrawn,  
Which ever in mercy are given ;  
And thou shalt be cheered by the light of the morn,  
And fanned by the breezes of heaven.

And still may the tranquil and delicate shade  
Yield fragrance and solace to me ;  
For though all the flowers in my garden should fade  
My heart will repose upon thee.

---

ON A FADED VIOLET.

BY SHELLY.

THE odour from the flower is gone  
Which, like thy kisses, breathed on me ;  
The colour from the flower is flown,  
Which glowed of thee, and only thee !

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,  
It lies on my abandoned breast,  
And mocks the heart, which yet is warm,  
With cold and silent rest.

I weep,—my tears revive it not !  
I sigh,—it breathes no more on me ;  
Its mute and uncomplaining lot  
Is such as mine should be.

---

DAWN, GENTLE FLOWER.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

DAWN, gentle flower,  
From the morning earth !  
We will gaze and wonder  
At thy wondrous birth !

Bloom, gentle flower !  
Lover of the night,  
Sought by wind and shower,  
Fondled by the night !

Fade, gentle flower !  
All thy white leaves close ;  
Having shone thy beauty,  
Time 'tis for repose.

Die, gentle flower,  
In the silent sun !  
So—all pangs are over,  
All thy tasks are done !

Day hath no more glory,  
Though he soars so high ;  
Thine is all man's story—  
*Live—and love—and die !*

---

## THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

BY COWPER.

THE nymph must lose her female friend,  
If more admired than she—  
But where will fierce contention end,  
If flowers can disagree?

Within the garden's peaceful scene  
Appeared two lovely foes,  
Aspiring to the rank of queen—  
The Lily and the Rose.

The Rose soon reddened into rage,  
And, swelling with disdain,  
Appealed to many a poet's page  
To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,  
A fair imperial flower ;  
She seemed designed for Flora's hand,  
The sceptre of her power.

This civil bickering and debate  
The goddess chanced to hear ;  
And flew to save, ere yet too late,  
The pride of the parterre.

"Yours is," she said, "the noblest hue,  
And yours the statelier mien ;  
And, till a third surpasses you,  
Let each be deemed a queen."

Thus soothed and reconciled, both seek  
The fairest British fair ;  
The seat of empire is her cheek,  
They reign united there.

---

## THE VIOLET.

BY SCOTT.

THE Violet in her greenwood bower,  
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,  
May boast herself the fairest flower  
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,  
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining,  
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,  
More sweet through watery lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,  
Ere yet the day be past its morrow ;  
No longer in my false love's eye  
Remained the tear of parting sorrow.

## THE DYING GIRL AND FLOWERS.

BEAR them not from grassy dells,  
Where wild bees have honey-cells ;  
Not from where sweet water-sounds  
Thrill the greenwood to its bounds ;  
Not to waste their scented breath  
On the silent room of Death !

Kindred to the breeze they are,  
And the glow-worm's emerald star ;  
And the bird, whose song is free,  
And the many-whispering tree :  
Oh ! too deep a love, and fain,  
They would win to earth again.

Spread them not before the eyes  
Closing fast on summer skies !  
Woo thou not the spirit back  
From its lone and viewless track,  
With the bright things which have birth,  
Wide o'er all the coloured earth !

With the Violet's breath would rise  
Thoughts too sad for her who dies ;  
From the Lily's pearl-cup shed,  
Dreams too sweet would haunt her bed ;  
Dreams of youth—of spring-time eves—  
Music—beauty—all she leaves !

Hush ! 'tis thou that dreaming art,  
Calmer is *her* gentle heart.  
Yes ! o'er fountain, vale, and grove,  
Leaf and flower, hath gushed her love ;  
But that passion, deep and true,  
Knows not of a last adieu.

Types of lovelier forms than these,  
In their fragile mould she sees ;  
Shadows of yet richer things,  
Born beside immortal springs,  
Into fuller glory wrought,  
Kindled by surpassing thought.

Therefore in the Lily's leaf  
She can read no word of grief ;  
O'er the Woodbine she can dwell,  
Murmuring not—Farewell ! farewell !  
And her dim, yet speaking eye,  
Greets the Violet solemnly.

Therefore, once, and yet again,  
Strew them o'er her bed of pain ;  
From her chamber take the gloom,  
With a light and flush of bloom :  
So should one depart, who goes  
Where no death can touch the Rose.

---

## THE NIGHT-SHADE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

TREAD aside from my starry bloom !  
I am the nurse who feed the tomb  
    (The tomb, my child),  
    With dainties piled,  
Until it grows strong as a tempest wild.  
Trample not on a virgin flower !  
I am the maid of the midnight hour ;  
    I bear sweet sleep  
    To those who weep,  
And lie on their eyelids dark and deep.

Tread not thou on my snaky eyes!  
I am the worm that the weary prize,  
    The Nile's soft asp,  
    That they strive to grasp,  
And one that a queen has loved to clasp!  
Pity me! I am she whom man  
Hath hated since ever the world began;  
    I soothe his brain,  
    In the night of pain,  
But at morning he waketh—and all is in vain.

---

### THE LAY OF THE ROSE.

BY ELIZABETH BROWNING BARRETT.

“Discordance that can accord;  
And accordance to discord.”

*The Remaunt of the Rose.*

A ROSE once passed within  
A garden, April-green,  
In her loneliness, in her loneliness.  
And the fairer for that oneness.

A white Rose, delicate,  
On a tall bough and straight,  
Early comer, April comer,  
Never waiting for the Summer;

Whose pretty gestes did win  
South winds to let her in,  
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,  
All the fairer for that oneness.

“For if I wait,” said she,  
“Till times for roses be,  
For the musk Rose, and the moss Rose  
Royal red and maiden blush Rose,

"What glory then for me,  
In such a company?  
Roses plenty, roses plenty,  
And one nightingale for twenty !

"Nay, let me in," said she,  
"Before the rest are free,  
In my liveness, in my liveness,  
All the fairer for that oneness.

"For I would lonely stand,  
Uplifting my white hand,  
On a mission, on a mission,  
To declare the coming vision.

"See mine, a holy heart,  
To high ends set apart—  
All unmated, all unmated,  
Because so consecrated.

"Upon which lifted sign,  
What worship will be mine !  
What addressing, what caressing,  
What thanks, and praise, and blessing !

"A wind-like joy will rush  
Through every tree and bush,  
Bending softly in affection,  
And spontaneous benediction.

"Insects, that only may  
Live in a sun-bright ray,  
To my whiteness, to my whiteness,  
Shall be drawn, as to a brightness,

"And every moth and bee  
Shall near me reverently,  
Wheeling round me, wheeling o'er me,  
Coronals of motioned glory.

"I ween the very skies  
Will look down in surprise  
When low on earth they see me,  
With my cloudy aspect dreamy.

"E'en nightingales shall flee  
Their woods for love of me,  
Singing sadly all the suntide,  
Never waiting for the moontide!

"Three larks shall leave a cloud  
To my whiter beauty vowed,  
Singing gladly all the moontide,  
Never waiting for the suntide."

So praying did she win  
South winds to let her in,  
In her loneliness, in her loneliness,  
And the fairer for that oneness.

But out, alas! for her,  
No thing did minister  
To her praises, to her praises,  
More than might unto a daisy's.

No tree nor bush was seen  
To boast a perfect green,  
Scarcely having, scarcely having  
One leaf broad enow for waving.

The little flies did crawl  
Along the southern wall,  
Faintly shifting, faintly shifting  
Wings scarce strong enow for lifting.

The nightingale did please  
To loiter beyond seas,  
Guess him in the happy islands,  
Hearing music from the silence.



The lark too high or low,  
Did haply miss her so—  
With his crest down in the gorses,  
And his song in the star-courses !

Only the bee, forsooth,  
Came in the place of both—  
Doing honour, doing honour,  
To the honey-dews upon her.

The skies looked coldly down,  
As on a royal crown ;  
Then, drop by drop, at leisure,  
Began to rain for pleasure.

Whereat the earth did seem  
To waken from a dream—  
Winter frozen, winter frozen,  
Her anguish eyes unclosing,

Said to the Rose, " Ha, Snow !  
And art thou fallen so ?  
Thou who wert enthronéd stately  
Along my mountains lately.

" Hullo, thou world-wide snow !  
And art thou wasted so ?  
With a little bough to catch thee,  
And a little bee to watch thee ? "

Poor Rose, to be misknown ?  
Would she had ne'er been blown,  
In her lonesness, in her lonesness,  
All the sadder for that oneness.

Some words she tried to say,  
Some sigh—ah, well away !  
But the passion did o'ercome her,  
And the fair frail leaves dropped from her.

Dropped from her, fair and mute,  
Close to a poet's foot,  
Who beheld them, smiling lowly,  
As at something sad yet holy :

Said, "Verily and thus,  
So chanceth e'er with us,  
Poets, ringing sweetest snatches,  
While deaf men did keep the watches.

"Saunting to come before  
Our own age evermore,  
In a liveness, in a liveness,  
And the nobler for that oneness.

"But if alone we be  
Where is our empyre?  
And if none can reach our stature,  
Who will mate our lofty nature?

"What bell will yield a tone  
Save in the air alone?  
If no brazen clapper bringing,  
Who can bear the chimed ringing?

"What angel but would seem  
To sensual eyes glent-dim?  
And without assimilation,  
Vain is interpenetration!

"Alas! what can we do,  
The Rose and poet too,  
Who both antedate our mission  
In an unprepared season?

"Drop, leaf—be silent, song—  
Cold things we came among!  
We must warm them, we must warm them,  
Ere we even hope to charm them.

"Howbeit"—here his face  
Heightened around the place,  
So to mark the outward turning  
Of his spirit's inward burning—

"Something it is to hold  
In God's world's manifold,  
First revealed to creatures duty,  
A new form of His mild beauty.

"Whether that form respect  
The sense or intellect,  
Holy rest in soul or pleasure,  
The chief beauty's sign of presence.

"Holy in me and thee,  
Rose fallen from the tree,  
Though the world stand dumb around us,  
All unable to expound us.

"Though none us design to bless,  
Blessed are we natheless ;  
Blessed age and consecrated !  
In that, Rose, we were created !

"Oh, shame to poet's lays,  
Sung for the dole of praise—  
Hoarsely sung upon the highway,  
With an '*obolum da mihi*' !

"Shame ! shame to poet's soul,  
Pining for such a dole,  
When heaven-called to inherit  
The high throne of his own spirit !

"Sit still upon your thrones,  
O ye poetic ones !  
And if, sooth, the world decry you,  
Why, let that world pass by you !

"Ye to yourselves suffice,  
Without its flatteries ;  
Self-contentedly approve you  
Unto Him who sits above you.

"In prayers that upward mount,  
Like to a sunnéd fount,  
And, in gushing back upon you,  
Bring the music they have won you !

"In thanks for all the good  
By poets understood—  
For the sound of seraphs moving  
Through the hidden depths of loving !

"For sights of things away,  
Through fissures of the clay—  
Promised things, which *shall* be given  
And sung ever up in heaven !

"For life, so lonely vain,  
For death, which breaks the chain—  
For this sense of present sweetness,  
And this yearning to completeness !

---

## EMBLEMS OF FLOWERS.

BY BURNS.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,  
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring !  
Adown winding Nith I did wander,  
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

The Daisy amused my fond fancy,  
So artless, so simple, so wild ;  
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,  
For she is simplicity's child.

The Rosebud's the blush o' my charmer,  
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :  
How fair and how pure is the Lily,  
But fairer and purer her breast.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,  
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie :  
Her breath is the breath of the Woodbine,  
Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,  
That wakes through the green-spreading grove,  
When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,  
On music, and pleasure, and love.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,  
The bloom of a fine summer's day !  
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis  
Will flourish without a decay.



### THE ORANGE-BOUGH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

OH ! bring me one sweet Orange-bough,  
To fan my cheek, to cool my brow ;  
One bough, with pearly blossoms drest,  
And bind it, mother, on my breast !

Go, seek the grove along the shore,  
Whose odours I must breathe no more—  
The grove where every scented tree  
Thrills to the deep voice of the sea.

Oh ! Love's fond sighs, and fervent prayer,  
And wild farewell, are lingering there ;  
Each leaf's light whisper hath a tone  
My faint heart, even in death, would own.

Then bear me thence one bough, to shed  
Life's parting sweetness round my head,  
And bind it, mother, on my breast,  
When I am laid in lonely rest.

---

TO THE NARCISSUS.

BY BEN JONSON.

ARISE, and speak thy sorrows, Echo, rise ;  
Here, by this fountain, where thy love did pine,  
Whose memory lives fresh to vulgar fame,  
Shrined in this yellow flower, that bears his name,

ECHO.

His name revives, and lifts me up from earth ;—  
See, see the mourning fount, whose springs weep yet  
Th' untimely fate of that too beauteous boy,  
That trophy of self-love, and spoil of nature,  
Who (now transformed into this drooping flower)-  
Hangs the repentant head back from the stream ;  
As if it wished—would I had never looked  
In such a flattering mirror ! O, Narcissus !  
Thou that wast once (and yet art) my Narcissus.  
Had Echo but been private with thy thoughts,  
She would have dropt away herself in tears,  
Till she had all turned waste, that in her  
(As in a true glass) thou might'st have gazed,  
And seen thy beauties by more kind reflection.  
But self-love never yet could look on truth,  
But with bleared beams ; slick flattery and she  
Are twin-born sisters, and do mix their eyes,  
As if you sever one, the other dies.  
Why did the gods give thee a heavenly form,  
And earthly thoughts to make thee proud of it ?  
Why do I ask ? 'Tis now the known disease

That Beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense  
Of her own self-conceived excellence. [gift,  
Oh! hadst thou known the worth of Heaven's rich  
Thou would'st have turned it to a truer use.  
And not (with starved and covetous ignorance)  
Pined in continual eyeing that bright gem,  
The glance whereof to others had been more  
Than to thy famished mind the wide world's store.

---

THE HAREBELL.

BY SCOTT.

"FOR me," she stopped, and, looking round,  
Plucked a blue Harebell from the ground,—  
"For me, whose memory scarce conveys  
An image of more splendid days,  
This little flower that loves the lea,  
May well my simple emblem be;  
It drinks heaven's dew, blithe as the Rose  
That in the king's own garden grows;  
And when I place it in my hair,  
Allan, a bard is bound to swear  
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."

---

THE HALF-BLOWN ROSE.

BY DANIEL.

LOOK, now, now we esteem the half-blown Rose,  
The image of thy blush and summer's honour;  
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose  
That full of beauty time bestows upon her.  
No sooner spreads her glories to the air,  
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to  
decline;

She then is scorned that late adorned the fair ;  
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine.  
No April can revive thy withered flowers,  
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now ;  
Swift, speedy time, feathered with flying hours,  
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow :  
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,  
But love now whilst thou may'st be loved again.

---

### TO THE DAISY.

BY WORDSWORTH.

IN youth from rock to rock I went,  
From hill to hill in discontent,  
Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
Most pleased when most uneasy ;  
But now my own delights I make,—  
My thirst at every rill can slake,  
And nature's love of thee partake,  
Her much-loved Daisy !

Thee Winter in the garland wears  
That thinly decks his few grey hairs ;  
Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,  
That she may sun thee ;  
Whole summer-fields are thine by right ;  
And Autumn, melancholy wight !  
Doth in thy crimson head delight,  
When rains are on thee.

Be Violets in their secret mews  
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose ;  
Proud be the Rose, with rains and dews  
Her head impearling ;



Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,  
Yet hast not gone without thy fame ;  
Thou art indeed, by many a claim,  
The poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,  
Or, some bright day of April sky,  
Imprisoned by hot sunshine, lie  
Near the green holly,  
And wearily at length should fare ;  
He needs but look about, and there  
Thou art !—a friend at hand, to scare  
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,  
Have I derived from thy sweet power  
Some apprehension ;  
Some steady love, some brief delight,  
Some memory that had taken flight,  
Some chime or fancy wrong or right,  
Or strong invention.

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chance look to thee should turn,  
I drink out of an humbler urn  
A lowlier pleasure ;  
The homely sympathy that heeds  
The common life our nature breeds ;  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh smitten by thy morning ray,  
When thou art up, alert and gay,  
Then, cheerful flower, my spirits play  
With kindred gladness :  
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest,

Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest  
 Hath often eased my pensive breast  
 Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet,  
 All seasons through, another debt,  
 Which I, wherever thou art met,  
 To thee am owing ;  
 An instinct call it, a blind sense—  
 A happy, genial influence,  
 Coming one knows not how, nor whence,  
 Nor whither going.

Child of the year ! that round dost run  
 Thy pleasant course—when day's begun,  
 As ready to salute the sun  
 As lark or leveret,  
 Thy long-lost praise\* thou shalt regain ;  
 Nor be less dear to future men  
 Than in old time ;—thou not in vain  
 Art Nature's favourite,

---

### LOVE'S WREATH.

BY MOORE.

WHEN Love was a child, and went idling round  
 Among flowers the whole summer's day,  
 One morn in the valley a bower he found,  
 So sweet it allured him to stay.

O'erhead from the trees hung a garland fair,  
 A fountain ran darkly beneath ; [there  
 'Twas Pleasure that hung the bright flowers up  
 Love knew it and jumped at the wreath.

---

\* See in Chaucer and the elder poets, the honours  
 formerly paid to this flower.

But Love did not know—and at his weak years,  
What urchin was likely to know?—  
That sorrow had made of her own salt tears  
That fountain which murmured below.

He caught at the wreath, but with too much haste,  
As boys when impatient will do ;  
It fell in those waters of briny taste,  
And the flowers were all wet through.

Yet this is the wreath he wears night and day ;  
And though it all sunny appears  
With Pleasure's own lustre, each leaf, they say,  
Still tastes of the fountain of tears.



TO A CROCUS.\*

BY BERNARD BARTON.

WELCOME, mild harbinger of Spring !  
To this small nook of earth ,  
Feeling and fancy fondly cling  
Round thoughts which owe their birth  
To thee, and to the humble spot  
Where chance has fixed thy lowly lot.

To thee—for thy rich golden bloom,  
Like heaven's fair bow on high,  
Portends, amid surrounding gloom,  
That brighter hours draw nigh,  
When blossoms of more varied dyes  
Shall ope their tints to warmer skies.

---

\* Growing up and blossoming beneath a Wallflower.

Yet not the Lily, nor the Rose,  
Though fairer far they be,  
Can more delightful thoughts disclose  
Than I derive from thee :  
The eye their beauty may prefer ;  
The heart is thy interpreter !

Methinks in thy fair flower is seen,  
By those whose fancies roam,  
An emblem of that leaf of green  
The faithful dove brought home,  
When o'er the world of waters dark  
Were driven the inmates of the ark.

That leaf betokened freedom nigh  
To mournful captives there ;  
Thy flower foretells a sunnier sky,  
And chides the dark despair  
By Winter's chilling influence flung  
O'er spirits sunk and nerves unstrung.

And sweetly has kind Nature's hand  
Assigned thy dwelling-place  
Beneath a flower whose blooms expand,  
With fond congenial grace,  
On many a desolated pile,  
Bright'ning decay with Beauty's smile.

Thine is the flower of Hope, whose hue  
Is bright with coming joy ;  
The Wallflower's that of Faith, too true  
For ruin to destroy ;  
And where, oh ! where should Hope upspring,  
But under Faith's protecting wing ?

ARRANGEMENT OF A BOUQUET.

BY NICHOLAS DRAYTON.

HERE damask Roses, white and red,  
Out of my lap first take I,  
Which still shall run along the thread,  
My chiefest flower this make I.

Amongst these Roses in a row,  
Next place I Pinks in plenty,  
These double Pansies then for show ;  
And will not this be dainty ?

The pretty Pansy then I'll tie,  
Like stones some chain inchasing ;  
And next to them, their near ally,  
The purple Violet placing.

The curious choice clove July flower,  
Whose kind hight the Carnation,  
For sweetness of most sovereign power,  
Shall help my wreath to fashion ;

Whose sundry colours of one kind,  
First from one root derived,  
Them in their several suits I'll bind :  
My garland so contrived.

A course of Cowslips then I'll stick,  
And here and there (though sparely)  
The pleasant Primrose down I'll prick,  
Like pearls that will show rarely ;

Then with these Marigolds I'll make  
My garland somewhat swelling,  
These Honeysuckles then I'll take,  
Whose sweets shall help their smelling.

The Lily and the Fleur-de-lis,  
For colour much contending ;  
For that I them do only prize,  
They are but poor in scenting.

The Daffodil most dainty is,  
To match with these in meetness ;  
The Columbine compared to this,  
All much alike for sweetness.

These in their natures only are  
Fit to emboss the border,  
Therefore I'll take especial care  
To place them in their order :

Sweet-williams, Campions, Sops-in-wine,  
One by another neatly :  
Thus have I made this wreath of mine,  
And finished it featly.

---

### ON PLANTING A TULIP-ROOT.

BY MONTGOMERY.

HERE lies a bulb, the child of earth,  
Buried alive beneath the clod,  
Ere long to spring, by second birth,  
A new and nobler work of God.

'Tis said that microscopic power  
Might through his swaddling folds descry  
The infant image of the flower,  
Too exquisite to meet the eye.

This vernal suns and rains will swell,  
Till from its dark abode it peep,  
Like Venus rising from her shell,  
Amidst the spring-tide of the deep.

Two shapely leaves will first unfold ;  
Then on a smooth, elastic stem,  
The verdant bud shall turn to gold,  
And open in a diadem.

Not one of Flora's brilliant race  
A form more perfect can display ;  
Art could not feign more simple grace,  
Nor Nature take a line away.

Yet, rich as morn, of many a hue,  
When flushing clouds through darkness  
strike,  
The Tulip's petals shine in dew  
All beautiful, but none alike.



## TO BLOSSOMS.

BY HERRICK.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,  
Why do ye fall so fast ?  
Your date is not so past,  
But you may stay here yet awhile,  
To blush and gently smile,  
And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be  
An hour or half's delight,  
And so to bid good-night ?  
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth  
Merely to show your worth,  
And lose you quite.

But ye are lovely leaves, where we  
May read how soon things have  
Their end, though ne'er so brave ;  
And after they have shown their pride,  
Like you, awhile, they glide  
Into the grave.

---

### THE EARLY PRIMROSE.

ASKE me why I send you here  
This firstling of the infant year ;  
Aske me why I send to you  
This Primrose all bepearled with dew ;  
I straight will whisper in your ears,  
The sweets of love are washt with teares.

Aske me why this flower doth show  
So yellow, green, and sickly too ;  
Aske me why the stalk is weak .  
And bending, yet it doth not break ;  
I must tell you, these discover  
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

---

### THE HOLLY.

BY SOUTHEY.

O READER ! hast thou ever stood to see  
The holly tree ?  
The eye that contemplates it well perceives  
Its glossy leaves,  
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise,  
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.



Below a circling fence, its leaves are seen,  
    Wrinkled and keen ;  
No grazing cattle through their prickly round  
    Can reach to wound,  
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,  
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

---

## ANACREON TO THE ROSE.

WHILE we invoke the wreathéd Spring,  
Resplendent Rose ! to thee we'll sing—  
Resplendent Rose ! the flower of flowers,  
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers,  
Whose virgin blush, of chastened dye,  
Enchants so much our mortal eye.  
Oft has the poet's magic tongue  
The Rose's fair luxuriance sung ;  
And long the Muses, heavenly maids,  
Have reared it in their tuneful shades.  
When, at the early glance of morn,  
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,  
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,  
To cull the timid floweret thence,  
And wipe, with tender hand, away  
The tear that on its blushes lay !  
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,  
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,  
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs  
That from the weeping buds arise.  
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,  
And Bacchus beams in every eye,  
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,  
And fill with balm the fainting gale.

Oh ! there is nought in nature bright,  
Where Roses do not shed their light ;  
Where morning paints the orient skies,  
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes ;  
And when, at length, with pale decline,  
Its florid beauties fade and pine,  
Sweet as in youth its balmy breath  
Diffuses odour e'en in death !  
Oh ! whence could such a plant have sprung ?  
Attend—for thus the tale is sung :—  
When humid from the silvery stream,  
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,  
Venus appeared in flushing hues,  
Mellowed by ocean's briny dews ;  
When, in the starry courts above,  
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove  
Disclosed the nymph of azure glance—  
The nymph who shakes the martial lance—  
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,  
The earth produced an infant flower,  
Which sprung with blushing tinctures dressed,  
And wantoned o'er its parent breast.  
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,  
And hailed the Rose, the boon of earth,  
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,  
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,  
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine  
Of him who sheds the teeming vine ;  
And bade them on the spangled thorn  
Expand their blossoms to the morn.



DECISION OF THE FLOWER.

BY L. E. L.

AND with scarlet Poppies, around like a bower,  
The maiden found her mystic flower.  
"Now, gentle flower, I pray thee, tell  
If my lover loves me, and loves me well :  
So may the fall of the morning dew  
Keep the sun from fading thy tender blue.  
Now I number the leaves for my lot—  
He loves not—he loves me—he loves me not—  
He loves me—yes, thou last leaf, yes—  
I'll pluck thee not for the last sweet guess !  
He loves me !"—"Yes," a dear voice sighed,  
And her lover stands by Margaret's side.

---

THE SHEPHERD TO THE FLOWERS.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SWEET Violets, love's paradise, that spread  
Your gracious odours, which you, couchéd, bear  
Within your paly faces,  
Upon the gentle wing of some calm-breathing wind,  
That plays amidst the plain !  
If, by the favour of propitious stars, you gain  
Such grace as in my lady's bosom place to find,  
Be proud to touch those places :  
And when her warmth your moisture forth doth wear,  
Whereby her dainty parts are sweetly fed,  
You, honours of the flowery meads, I pray,  
You pretty daughters of the earth and sun,  
With mild and seemly breathing straight display  
My bitter sighs, that have my heart undone !

## HEART'S-EASE.

BY SHAKESPEARE.

I SAW,  
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
Cupid all armed ; a certain aim he took  
At a fair vessel thronéd in the west,  
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,  
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.  
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,  
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,  
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.  
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell :  
It fell upon a little western flower,  
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,  
And maidens call it Love in Idleness.  
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,  
Will make a man or woman madly dote  
Upon the next live creature that it sees.

---

## THE SCARLET GERANIUM.

I WILL not sing the mossy Rose,  
The Jasmine sweet, or Lily fair,  
The tints the rich Carnation shows,  
The Stock's sweet scent that fills the air.  
Full many a bard has sung their praise  
In metres smooth, and polished line ;  
A simple flower and humbler lays  
May best befit a pen like mine.  
There is a small but lovely flower,  
With crimson star and calyx brown,



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On pathway side, beneath the bower,  
By Nature's hand profusely strown.

Inquire you when this flow'ret springs?—  
When Nature wakes to mirth and love,  
When all her fragrance Summer flings,  
When latest Autumn chills the grove.

Like the sweet bird whose name it bears,  
'Midst falling leaves and fading flowers,  
The passing traveller it cheers,  
In shortened days and darksome hours.

And should you ask me where it blows,  
I answer, on the mountains bare,  
High on the tufted rock it grows,  
In lonely glens or meadows fair.

It blooms amidst those flowery dales,  
Where winding Aire pursues its course ;  
It smiles upon the craggy fells  
That rise around its lofty source.

There are its rosy petals shown,  
'Midst curious forms and mosses rare,  
Imbedded in the dark grey stone,  
When not another flower is there.

Oh ! emblem of that steadfast mind  
Which, through the varying scenes of life,  
By genuine piety refined,  
Holds on its way 'midst noise and strife.

Though dark the impending tempest lower,  
The path of beauty it espies,  
Calm 'midst the whirlwind and the shower,  
Thankful when brighter hours arise.

Oh ! could our darkened minds discern  
In thy sweet form this lesson plain,  
Could we it practically learn,  
Herb Robert would not bloom in vain.



### THE HELIOTROPE.

THERE is a flower, whose modest eye  
Is turned with looks of light and love,  
Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh,  
Whene'er the sun is bright above.

Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,  
Her fond idolatry is fled ;  
Her sighs no more their sweets exhale,  
The loving eye is cold and dead.

Can'st thou not trace a moral here,  
False flatterer of the prosperous hour ?  
Let but an adverse cloud appear,  
And thou art faithless as the flower.



### AMOUR OF THE ROSE.

YOUNG Love, rambling through the wood,  
Found me in my solitude,  
Bright with dew and freshly blown,  
And trembling to the zephyr's sighs ;  
But as he stopped to gaze upon  
The living gem with raptured eyes,  
It chanced a bee was busy there,  
Searching for its fragrant fare ;



And Cupid, stooping too, to sip,  
The angry insect stung his lip ;  
And, gushing from the ambrosial cell,  
One bright drop on my bosom fell.  
Weeping, to his mother he  
Told the tale of treachery,  
And she, her vengeful boy to please,  
Strung his bow with captive bees,  
But placed upon my slender stem  
The poisoned sting she plucked from them ;  
And none since that eventful morn  
Have found the flower without a thorn.

---

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

NOT on the mountain's shelving side  
Nor in the cultivated ground,  
Nor in the garden's painted pride,  
The flower I seek is found.

Where Time on sorrow's page of gloom  
Has fixed its envious lot,  
Or swept the record from the tomb,  
It says, Forget me not.

And this is still the loveliest flower,  
The fairest of the fair,  
Of all that deck my lady's bower,  
Or bind her floating hair.

---

## THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

FAIR flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,  
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,  
To evening hues of sober grey,  
Thy cup of paly gold ;

Be thine the offering, owing long,  
To thee, and to this pensive hour,  
Of the brief tributary song,  
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch at silent eve  
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light ;  
And have my inmost heart receive  
The influence of that sight.

I love, at such an hour, to mark  
Their beauty greet the light breeze chill,  
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,  
The garden's glory still.

For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,  
When cares and griefs the breast invade,  
In friendship's animating smile,  
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth like thy pale cup,  
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,  
And bears the sinking spirit up  
Amid its chilling fears ;

But still more animating far,  
If meek religion's eye may trace,  
Even in thy glimm'ring earth-born star,  
The holier hope of grace !

The hope that, as thy beauteous bloom  
Expands to glad the close of day,  
So through the shadows of the tomb  
May break forth mercy's ray.

---

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

BY H. K. WHITE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire !  
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,  
Was nursed in whirling storms,  
And cradled in the wind.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's  
sway,  
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight—  
Thee on this bank he threw,  
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,  
Serene thou openest to the nipping gale,  
Unnoticed and alone,  
Thy tender elegance.

So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms  
Of chill adversity, in some lone walk  
Of life she rears her head,  
Obscure and unobserved ;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows  
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,  
And hardens her to bear  
Serene the ills of life.

## THE ROSE-BUD.

BY KEBLE.

WHEN Nature tries her finest touch,  
Waving her vernal wreath,  
Mark ye how close she veils her round,  
Not to be traced by sight or sound,  
Nor soiled by ruder breath?

Whoever saw the earliest Rose  
First open her sweet breast?  
Or, when the summer sun goes down,  
The first soft star in evening's crown  
Light up her gleaming crest?

Fondly we seek the dawning bloom  
On features wan and fair,—  
The gazing eye no change can trace,  
But look away a little space,  
Then turn, and lo! 'tis there.

But there's a sweeter flower than e'er  
Blushed on the rosy spray—  
A brighter star, a richer bloom,  
Than e'er did western heaven illumine  
At close of summer day.

'Tis love, the last best gift of heaven;  
Love gentle, holy, pure:  
But tenderer than a dove's soft eye,  
The searching sun, the open sky,  
She never could endure.

Even human love will shrink from sight  
Here in the coarse, rude earth:  
How then should rash intruding glance  
Break in upon her sacred trance,  
Who boasts a heavenly birth?

So still and secret is her growth,  
Ever the truest heart,  
Where deepest strikes her kindly root,  
For hope or joy, for flower or fruit,  
Least known its happy part.

God only, and good angels, look  
Behind the blissful screen—  
As when, triumphant o'er His woes,  
The Son of God by moonlight rose,  
By all but heaven unseen :

As when the Holy Maid beheld  
Her risen Son and Lord :  
Thought has not colours half so fair,  
That she to paint that hour may dare  
In silence best adored.

The gracious dove, that brought from heaven  
The earnest of our bliss,  
Of many a chosen witness telling,  
Of many a happy vision dwelling,  
Sings not a note of this.

So, truest image of the Christ,  
Old Israel's long-lost Son,  
What time, with sweet forgiving cheer,  
He called His conscious brethren near,  
Would weep with them alone:

He could not trust his melting soul  
But in His Maker's sight—  
Then why should gentle hearts and true  
Bare to the rude world's withering view  
Their treasures of delight?

No ; let the dainty Rose awhile  
Her bashful fragrance hide—  
Rend not her silken veil too soon,  
But leave her, in her own soft noon,  
To flourish and abide.



### THE GARLAND.

BY PRIOR.

THE pride of every grove I chose,  
The Violet sweet, the Lily fair,  
The dappled Pink and blushing Rose,  
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place  
Upon her brow the various wreath ;  
The flowers less blooming than her face,  
The scent less fragrant than her breath,

The flowers she wore along the day :  
And every nymph and shepherd said,  
That in her hair they looked more gay  
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undressed at evening, when she found  
Their odours lost, their colours past,  
She changed her look, and on the ground  
Her garland and her eyes she cast.

That eye dropped sense distinct and clear,  
As any Muse's tongue could speak,  
When from its lid a pearly tear  
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,  
"My love, my life," said I, "explain  
This change of humour : pr'ythee tell :  
That falling tear—what does it mean?"

She sighed : she smiled : and to the flowers  
Pointing, the lovely moralist said—  
"See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,  
See yonder, what a change is made.

"Ah me ! the blooming pride of May,  
And that of beauty, are but one :  
At morn both flourished bright and gay ;  
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

"At dawn poor Stellà danced and sung,  
The amorous youth around her bowed ;  
At night her fatal knell was rung ;  
I saw, and kissed her in her shroud.

"Such as she is, who died to-day,  
Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow ;  
Go, Damon, bid the Muse display  
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow."

---

THE FIELD-FLOWER.

BY MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a flower, a little flower,  
With silver crest and golden eye,  
That welcomes every changing hour,  
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field  
In gay but quick succession shine,  
Race after race their honours yield,  
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,  
While moon and stars their courses run,  
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,  
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,  
To sultry August spreads its charms,  
Lights pale October on his way,  
And twines December's arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,  
On moory mountains catch the gale ;  
O'er lawns the Lily sheds perfume,  
The Violet in the vale ;

But this bold flow'ret climbs the hill,  
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,  
Stays on the margin of the rill,  
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round  
It shares the sweet Carnation's bed ;  
And blooms in consecrated ground  
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,  
The wild-bee murmurs on its breast,  
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,  
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page :—in every place,  
In every season fresh and fair,  
It opens with perennial grace,  
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,  
Its humble buds unheeded rise ;  
The Rose has but a summer reign,  
The Daisy never dies.



TO THE SNOWDROP.

BY KEBLE.

THOU first-born of the year's delight,  
Pride of the dewy glade,  
In vernal green and virgin white,  
Thy vestal robes, arrayed :

'Tis not because thy drooping form  
Sinks grateful on its nest,  
When chilly shades from gathering storm  
Affright thy tender breast ;

Nor from yon river islet wild  
Beneath the willow spray,  
Where, like the ringlets of a child,  
Thou wear'st thy circle gay ;

'Tis not for these I love thee dear,—  
Thy shy averted smiles  
To fancy bode a joyous year,  
One of life's fairy isles.

They twinkle to the wintry moon,  
And cheer the ungenial day,  
And tell us all will glisten soon  
As green and bright as they.

Is there a heart that loves the Spring,  
Their witness can refuse ;  
Yet mortals doubt, when angels bring  
From heaven their Easter news :

When holy maids and matrons speak  
Of Christ's forsaken bed,  
And voices, that forbid to seek  
The living 'mid the dead ;

And when they say, "Turn, wandering heart,  
Thy Lord is risen indeed ;  
Let pleasure go, put care apart,  
And to His presence speed ;"

We smile in scorn : and yet we know  
They early sought the tomb,  
Their hearts that now so freshly glow,  
Lost in desponding gloom.

They who have sought, nor hope to find,  
Wear not so bright a glance :  
They who have won their earthly mind,  
Less reverently advance.

But where, in gentle spirits, fear  
And joy so duly meet,  
These sure have seen the angels near,  
And kissed the Saviour's feet.

No ; let the pastor's thankful eye  
Their faltering tale disdain,  
As on their lowly couch they lie,  
Prisoners of want and pain.

O guide us, when our faithless hearts  
From Thee would start aloof,  
Where Patience her sweet skill imparts  
Beneath some cottage roof :

Revive our dying fires to burn  
High as her anthems soar,  
And of our scholars let us learn  
Our own forgotten lore.

HEART'S-EASE.

BY MRS. SHERIDAN.

IN gardens oft a beauteous flower there grows,  
By vulgar eyes unnoticed and unseen ;  
In sweet serenity it humbly blows,  
And rears its purple head to deck the green.

This flower, as nature's poet sweetly sings,  
Was once milk-white, and Heart's-ease was its  
name,  
Till wanton Cupid poised its roseate wings,  
A vestal's sacred bosom to inflame.

With treacherous aim the god his arrow drew,  
Which she with icy coldness did repel,  
Rebounding thence with feathery speed it flew,  
Till on this lonely flower, at last, it fell.

Heart's-ease no more the wandering shepherd  
found ;  
No more the nymphs its snowy form possess ;  
Its white now changed to purple by love's wound,  
Heart's-ease no more, — 'tis Love in Idleness.

---

THE ROSE.

TRANSLATED FROM CAMOENS.

JUST like love is yonder Rose :—  
Heavenly fragrance round it throws,  
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,  
And in the midst of briers it blows ;  
Just like love.

Culled to bloom upon the breast,  
Since rough thorns the stem invest,  
They must be gathered with the rest,  
And with it to the heart be prest ;  
Just like love.

And when rude hands the twin buds sever,  
They die, and they shall blossom never ;  
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever ;  
Just like love.

---

### GO TO THE FOREST SHADE."

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Go to the forest shade—  
Seek thou the well-known glade,  
Where, heavy with sweet dew, the Violets lie,  
Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,  
Like dark eyes filled with sleep,  
And bathed in hues of summer's midnight sky.  
Bring me their buds, to shed  
Around my dying bed  
A breath of May, and of the wood's repose ;  
For I in sooth depart  
With a reluctant heart,  
That fain would linger where the bright sun glows.  
Fain would I stay with thee—  
Alas ! this may not be ;  
Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours !  
Go where the fountain's breast  
Catches, in glassy rest,  
The dim green light that pours through laurel  
bowers.





I know how softly bright,  
Steeped in that tender light,  
The Water-lilies tremble there e'en now ;  
Go to the pure stream's edge,  
And from its whispering sedge  
Bring me those flowers to cool my fevered brow !  
Then, as in hope's young days,  
Track thou the antique maze  
Of the rich garden to its grassy mound ;  
There is a lone white Rose,  
Shedding, in sudden snows,  
Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf around.  
Well know'st thou that fair tree—  
A murmur of the bee  
Dwells ever in the honied lime above ;  
Bring me one pearly flower  
Of all its clustering shower—  
For on that spot we first revealed our love.  
Gather one woodbine bough,  
Then, from the lattice low  
Of the bowered cottage which I bade thee mark,  
When by the hamlet last,  
Through dim wood-lanes we passed, [spark.  
While dews were glancing to the glow-worm's  
Haste ! to my pillow bear  
Those fragrant things and fair,  
Thy hand no more may bind them up at eve—  
Yet shall their odour soft  
One bright dream round me waft  
Of life, youth, summer—all that I must leave !  
And, oh ! if thou would'st ask  
Wherefore thy steps I task,  
The grove, the stream, the hamlet vale to trace,

'Tis that some thought of me,  
When I am gone, may be  
The spirit bound to each familiar place.  
I bid mine image dwell  
(Oh ! break not thou the spell)  
In the deep wood and by the fountain side ;  
Thou must not, my beloved !  
Rove where we two have roved,  
Forgetting her that in her spring-time died !

---

### TO A JASMINE-TREE

GROWING IN THE COURT OF HAWORTH CASTLE.  
BY LORD MORPETH.

My slight and slender Jasmine-tree,  
That bloomest on my Border tower,  
Thou art more dearly loved by me,  
Than all the wealth of fairy bower.  
I ask not, while I near thee dwell,  
Arabia's spice or Syria's rose ;  
Thy bright festoons more freshly smell,  
Thy virgin white more freshly glows.  
My mild and winsome Jasmine-tree,  
That climbest up the dark-grey wall,  
Thy tiny flow'rets seem in glee,  
Like silver spray-drops down to fall :  
Say, did they from their leaves thus peep,  
When mailed moss-troopers rode the hill,  
When helméd wardens paced the keep,  
And bugles blew for Belted Will ?  
My free and feathery Jasmine-tree,  
Within the fragrance of thy breath,  
Yon dungeon grated to its key,  
And the chained captive pined for death.



On Border fray, on feudal crime,  
I dream not while I gaze on thee ;  
The chieftains of that stern old time  
Could ne'er have loved a Jasmine-tree.

---

THE DAISY IN INDIA.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THRICE welcome, little English flower !

Thy mother country's white and red,  
In Rose or Lily, till this hour

Never to me such beauty spread :  
Transplanted from thy island bed,

A treasure in a grain of earth,  
Strange as a spirit from the dead  
Thy embryo sprang to birth.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !

Whose tribes beneath our native skies  
Shut close their leaves while vapours lower ;

But when the sun's gay beams arise,  
With unabashed but modest eyes,

Follow his motion to the west,  
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,  
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !

To this resplendent hemisphere,  
Where Flora's giant offspring tower

In gorgeous liveries all the year ;  
Thou, only thou, art little here,

Like worth unfriended and unknown,  
Yet to my British heart more dear  
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !  
Of early scenes beloved by me,  
While happy in my father's bower,  
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be ;  
The fairy sports of infancy,  
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,  
Home, country, kindred, friends—with thee,  
Are mine in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower !  
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand ;  
O for the April sun and shower,  
The sweet May-dews of that fair land,  
Where Daisies, thick as star-light, stand  
In every walk !—that here might shoot  
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,  
A hundred from one root !

Thrice welcome, little English flower !  
To me the pledge of hope unseen :  
When sorrow would my soul o'erpower  
For joys that were, or might have been,  
I'll call to mind, how—fresh and green—  
I saw thee waking from the dust ;  
Then turn to heaven, with brow serene,  
And place in God my trust.

---

## THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK.

BY WORDSWORTH.

A ROCK there is whose lonely front  
The passing traveller slights ;  
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,  
Like stars, at various heights ;

And one coy Primrose to that rock  
The vernal breeze invites.

What hideous warfare hath been waged,  
What kingdoms overthrown,  
Since first I spied that Primrose tuft,  
And marked it for my own !  
A lasting link in Nature's chain  
From highest heaven let down.

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,  
Their fellowship renew ;  
The stems are faithful to the root,  
That worketh out of view ;  
And to the rock the root adheres,  
In every fibre true.

Close clings to earth the living rock,  
Though threatening still to fall ;  
The earth is constant to her sphere,  
And God upholds them all :  
So blooms this lonely plant, nor dreads  
Her annual funeral.

Here closed the meditative strain ;  
But air breathed soft that day,  
The hoary mountain heights were cheered,  
The sunny vale looked gay ;  
And to the Primrose of the rock  
I gave this after lay.

I sang—Let myriads of bright flowers,  
Like thee, in field and grove,  
Revive unenvied ;—mightier far,  
Than tremblings that reprove  
Our vernal tendencies to hope,  
Is God's redeeming love ;

That love which changed—for wan disease,  
For sorrow that had bent,  
O'er hopeless dust, for withered age—  
Their moral element,  
And turned the thistles of a curse  
To types beneficent.

---

### THE ROSE.

BY SPENSER.

AH! see the virgin Rose, how sweetly she  
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,  
That fairer seems the less ye see her way!  
Lo! see soon after, how more bold and free  
Her baréd bosom she doth broad display;  
Lo! see soon after, how she fades away and falls.

---

### THE VIOLET.

BY L. E. L.

WHY better than the lady Rose  
Love I this little flower?  
Because its fragrant leaves are those  
I loved in childhood's hour.  
Though many a flower may win my praise,  
The Violet has my love;  
I did not pass my childish days  
In garden or in grove.  
My garden was the window-seat,  
Upon whose edge was set  
A little vase—the fair, the sweet—  
It was the Violet.

It was my pleasure and my pride ;—  
How I did watch its growth ;  
For health and bloom what plans I tried,  
And often injured both !  
I placed it in the summer shower,  
I placed it in the sun ;  
And ever at the evening hour,  
My work seemed half undone.  
The broad leaves spread, the small buds grew,  
How slow they seemed to be !  
At last there came a tinge of blue,  
'Twas worth the world to me !  
At length the perfume filled the room,  
Shed from their purple wreath ;  
No flower has now so rich a bloom—  
Has now so sweet a breath.  
I gathered two or three—they seemed  
Such rich gifts to bestow !  
So precious in my sight, I deemed  
That all must think them so.  
Oh ! who is there but would be fain  
To be a child once more,  
If future years could bring again  
All that they brought before ?  
My heart's world has been long o'erthrown ;  
It is no more of flowers :  
Their bloom is passed, their breath is flown ;  
Yet I recall those hours.  
Let Nature spread her loveliest,  
By spring or summer nurst :  
Yet still I love the Violet best,  
Because I loved it first.

## FIELD FLOWERS.

BY CAMPBELL.

YE field flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,  
Yet, wildlings of nature, I dote upon you,  
For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,  
And when Daisies and Buttercups gladdened my  
sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love thee for lulling me back into dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,  
And of birchen glades breathing their balm,  
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,  
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note  
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildlings of June:  
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,  
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,  
When the magic of nature first breathed on my mind,  
And your blossoms were part of the spell.

Even now what affections the Violet awakes!  
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,  
Can the wild Water-lily restore!  
What landscapes I read in the Primrose's looks,  
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks,  
In the Vetches that tangled their shore!

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,  
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,  
Had scathed my existence's bloom;

Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age.  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

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THE HONEYSUCKLE.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

SEE the Honeysuckle twine  
Round this casement :—'tis a shrine  
Where the heart doth incense give,  
And the pure affections live  
In the mother's gentle breast  
By her smiling infant pressed.

Blesséd shrine ! dear, blissful home !  
Source whence happiness doth come !  
Round by the cheerful hearth we meet  
All things beauteous—all things sweet—  
Every solace of man's life,  
Mother—daughter—sister—wife.

England, isle of free and brave,  
Circled by the Atlantic wave !  
Though we seek the fairest land  
That the south wind ever fanned,  
Yet we cannot hope to see  
Homes so holy as in thee.

As the tortoise turns its head  
Towards its native ocean-bed,  
Howsoever far it be  
From its own beloved sea,  
Thus, dear Albion, evermore  
Do we turn to seek thy shore !

## TO THE PASSION-FLOWER.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

IF Superstition's baneful art  
First gave thy mystic name,  
Reason, I trust, would steel my heart  
Against its groundless claim.

But if, in fancy's pensive hour,  
By grateful feelings stirred,  
Her fond imaginative power  
That name at first conferred—

Though lightly truth her flights may prize,  
By wild vagary driven,  
For once their blameless exercise  
May surely be forgiven.

We roam the seas—give new-found isles  
Some king's or conqueror's name :  
We rear on earth triumphant piles  
As meeds of earthly fame :—

We soar to heaven ; and to outlive  
Our life's contracted span,  
Unto the glorious stars we give  
The names of mortal man :

Then may not one poor flow'ret's bloom  
The holier memory share  
Of Him who, to avert our doom,  
Vouchsafed our sins to bear?

God dwelleth not in temples reared  
By work of human hands,  
Yet shrines august, by men revered,  
Are found in Christian lands.



And may not e'en a simple flower  
Proclaim His glorious praise,  
Whose fiat only had the power  
Its form from earth to raise?

Then freely let thy blossom ope  
Its beauties—to recall  
A scene which bids the humble hope  
In Him who died for all!



## THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY BISHOP MANT.

FAIR flower, that, lapt in lowly glade,  
Dost hide beneath the greenwood shade,  
Than whom the vernal gale  
None fairer wakes, on bank or spray,  
Our England's Lily of the May,  
Our Lily of the Vale!

Art thou that "Lily of the field,"  
Which, when the Saviour sought to shield  
The heart from blank despair,  
He showed to our mistrustful kind,  
An emblem of the thoughtful mind,  
Of God's paternal care?

Not this, I trow; for brighter shine  
To the warm skies of Palestine  
Those children of the East:  
There, when mild autumn's early rain  
Descends on parched Esdrela's plain  
And Tabor's oak-girt crest,

More frequent than the host of night,  
Those earth-born stars, as sages write,  
Their brilliant discs unfold ;  
Fit symbol of imperial state,  
Their sceptre-seeming forms elate,  
And crowns of burnished gold.

But not the less, sweet spring-tide's flower,  
Dost thou display the Maker's power,  
His skill and handiwork ;  
Our western valleys' humbler child,  
Where, in green nook of woodland wild,  
Thy modest blossoms lurk.

What though nor care nor art be thine,  
The loom to ply, the thread to twine,  
Yet born to bloom and fade,  
Thee to a lovelier robe arrays,  
Than, e'en in Israel's brightest days,  
Her wealthiest kings arrayed.

Of thy twin-leaves the embowered screen,  
Which wraps thee in thy shroud of green,  
Thy Eden-breathing smell ;  
Thy arched and purple-vested stem,  
Whence pendent many a pearly gem,  
Displays a milk-white bell ;

Instinct with life thy fibrous root,  
Which sends from earth the ascending shoot,  
As rising from the dead,  
And fills thy veins with verdant juice,  
Charged thy fair blossoms to produce,  
And berries scarlet red ;

The triple cell, the twofold seed,  
A ceaseless treasure-house decreed,  
Whence aye thy race may grow,

As from creation they have grown,  
While Spring shall weave her flowery crown,  
Or vernal breezes blow ;

Who forms thee thus, with unseen hand ?  
Who at creation gave command,  
And willed thee thus to be ;  
And keeps thee still in being, through  
Age after age revolving ? Who  
But the great God is He ?

Omnipotent, to work His will ;  
Wise, who contrives each part to fill  
The post to each assigned ;  
Still provident with sleepless care,  
To keep ; to make thee sweet and fair  
For man's enjoyment—kind !

"There is no God," the senseless say :—  
"O God ! why cast'st thou us away ?"  
Of feeble faith and frail,  
The mourner breathes his anxious thought ;  
By thee a better lesson taught,  
Sweet Lily of the Vale !

Yes, He who made and fosters thee,  
In Reason's eye perforce must be  
Of majesty divine ;  
Nor deems she that His guardian care  
Will He in man's support forbear,  
Who thus provides for thine.





## THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

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### PART FIRST.

Abeccedary . . .	<i>Volubility.</i>
Abatina . . .	<i>Fickleness.</i>
Acacia . . .	<i>Friendship.</i>
Acacia, Rose or White . . .	<i>Elegance.</i>
Acacia, Yellow . . .	<i>Secret Love.</i>
Acanthus . . .	<i>The Fine Arts. Artifice.</i>
Acalia . . .	<i>Temperance.</i>
Achillea Millefolia . . .	<i>War.</i>
Achimenes Cupreata . . .	<i>Such worth is rare.</i>
Aconite (Wolfsbane) . . .	<i>Misanthropy.</i>
Aconite, Crowfoot . . .	<i>Lustre.</i>
Adonis, Flos . . .	<i>Painful recollections.</i>
African Marigold . . .	<i>Vulgar minds.</i>
Agnus Castus . . .	<i>Coldness. Indifference.</i>
Agrimony . . .	<i>Thankfulness. Gratitude.</i>
Almond (Common) . . .	<i>Stupidity. Indiscretion.</i>
Almond (Flowering) . . .	<i>Hope.</i>
Almond, Laurel . . .	<i>Perfidy.</i>
Allspice . . .	<i>Compassion.</i>
Aloe . . .	<i>Grief.</i>
Althæa Frutex (Syrian Mallow) . . .	<i>Persuasion.</i>
Alyssum (Sweet) . . .	<i>Worth beyond beauty.</i>

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Amaranth (Globe)	. . .	<i>Unfading love.</i>
Amaranth (Cockscomb)	. . .	<i>Foppery. Affectation.</i>
Amaryllis	. . .	<i>Pride. Splendid beauty.</i>
Ambrosia	. . .	<i>Love returned.</i>
American Cowslip	. . .	<i>Divine beauty.</i>
American Elm	. . .	<i>Patriotism.</i>
American Linden	. . .	<i>Matrimony.</i>
American Starwort	. . .	<i>Welcome to a stranger.</i> <i>Cheerfulness in old age.</i>
Amethyst	. . .	<i>Admiration.</i>
Andromeda	. . .	<i>Self-sacrifice.</i>
Anemone (Zephyr Flower)	. . .	<i>Sickness. Expectation.</i>
Anemone (Garden)	. . .	<i>Forsaken.</i>
Angelica	. . .	<i>Inspiration, or Magic.</i>
Angrec	. . .	<i>Royalty.</i>
Apricot (Blossom)	. . .	<i>Doubt.</i>
Apple	. . .	<i>Temptation.</i>
Apple (Blossom)	. . .	<i>Preference.</i>
Apple, Thorn	. . .	<i>Deceitful charms.</i>
Apocynum (Dogsbane)	. . .	<i>Deceit.</i>
Arbor Vitæ	. . .	<i>Unchanging friendship.</i> <i>Live for me.</i>
Arum (Wake Robin)	. . .	<i>Ardour. Zeal.</i>
Ash-leaved Trumpet Flower	. . .	<i>Separation.</i>
Ash, Mountain	. . .	<i>With me you are safe.</i>
Ash Tree	. . .	<i>Grandeur.</i>
Aspen Tree	. . .	<i>Lamentation, or fear.</i>
Aster (China)	. . .	<i>Variety. Afterthought.</i>
Asphodel	. . .	<i>My regrets follow you to</i> <i>the grave.</i>
Auricula	. . .	<i>Painting.</i>
Auricula, Scarlet	. . .	<i>Avarice.</i>
Austurtium	. . .	<i>Splendour.</i>
Azalea	. . .	<i>Temperance.</i>

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Bachelor's Buttons . . .	<i>Celibacy.</i>
Balm . . . . .	<i>Sympathy.</i>
Balm, Gentle . . . . .	<i>Pleasantry.</i>
Balm of Gilead . . . . .	<i>Cure. Relief.</i>
Balsam, Red . . . . .	<i>Impatient resolves.</i>
Balsam, Yellow . . . . .	<i>Impatience.</i>
Barberry . . . . .	<i>Sharpness of temper.</i>
Basil . . . . .	<i>Hatred.</i>
Bay Leaf . . . . .	<i>I change but in death.</i>
Bay (Rose) Rhododendron	<i>Danger. Beware.</i>
Bay Tree . . . . .	<i>Glory.</i>
Bay Wreath . . . . .	<i>Reward of merit.</i>
Bearded Crepis . . . . .	<i>Protection.</i>
Beech Tree . . . . .	<i>Prosperity.</i>
Bee Orchis . . . . .	<i>Industry.</i>
Bee Ophrys . . . . .	<i>Error.</i>
Begonia . . . . .	<i>Deformity.</i>
Belladonna . . . . .	<i>Silence. Hush!</i>
Bell Flower, Pyramidal . .	<i>Constancy.</i>
Bell Flower (small white)	<i>Gratitude.</i>
Belvedere . . . . .	<i>I declare against you.</i>
Betony . . . . .	<i>Surprise.</i>
Bilberry . . . . .	<i>Treachery.</i>
Bindweed, Great . . . . .	<i>Insinuation.</i>
Bindweed, Small . . . . .	<i>Humility.</i>
Birch . . . . .	<i>Meekness.</i>
Birdsfoot, Trefoil . . . .	<i>Revenge.</i>
Bittersweet ; Nightshade .	<i>Truth.</i>
Black Poplar . . . . .	<i>Courage.</i>
Blackthorn . . . . .	<i>Difficulty.</i>
Bladder Nut Tree . . . . .	<i>Frivolity. Amusement.</i>
Bluebottle (Centauray) . .	<i>Delicacy.</i>
Bluebell . . . . .	<i>Constancy. Sorrowful regret.</i>

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Blue-flowered Greek Valerian . . .	<i>Rupture.</i>
Bonus Henricus . . .	<i>Goodness.</i>
Borage . . .	<i>Bluntness.</i>
Box Tree . . .	<i>Stoicism.</i>
Bramble . . .	<i>Lowliness. Envy. Remorse.</i>
Branch of Currants . . .	<i>You please all.</i>
Branch of Thorns . . .	<i>Severity. Rigour.</i>
Bridal Rose . . .	<i>Happy love.</i>
Broom . . .	<i>Humility. Neatness.</i>
Browallia Jamisonii . . .	<i>Could you bear poverty?</i>
Buckbean . . .	<i>Calm repose.</i>
Bud of White Rose . . .	<i>Heart ignorance of love,</i>
Buglos . . .	<i>Falsehood.</i>
Bulrush . . .	<i>Indiscretion. Docility.</i>
Bundle of Reeds, with their Panicles . . .	<i>Music.</i>
Burdock . . .	<i>Importunity. Touch me not.</i>
Bur . . .	<i>Rudeness. You weary me.</i>
Buttercup (Kingcup) . . .	<i>Ingratitude. Childishness.</i>
Butterfly Orchis . . .	<i>Gaiety.</i>
Butterfly Weed . . .	<i>Let me go.</i>
Cabbage . . .	<i>Profit.</i>
Cacalia . . .	<i>Adulation.</i>
Cactus . . .	<i>Warmth.</i>
Calla Æthiopica . . .	<i>Magnificent beauty.</i>
Calceolaria . . .	<i>I offer you pecuniary assistance, or I offer you my fortune.</i>
Calycanthus . . .	<i>Benevolence.</i>

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Camellia Japonica, Red .	<i>Unpretending excellence.</i>
Camellia Japonica, White	<i>Perfected loveliness.</i>
Camomile . . .	<i>Energy in adversity.</i>
Campanula Pyramida .	<i>Aspiring.</i>
Canary Grass . . .	<i>Perseverance.</i>
Candytuft . . .	<i>Indifference.</i>
Canterbury Bell . .	<i>Acknowledgment.</i>
Cape Jasmine . . .	<i>I am too happy.</i>
Cardamine . . .	<i>Paternal error.</i>
Carnation, Deep Red .	<i>Alas ! for my poor heart.</i>
Carnation, Striped .	<i>Refusal.</i>
Carnation, Yellow .	<i>Disdain.</i>
Cardinal Flower . .	<i>Distinction.</i>
Catchfly . . .	<i>Snare.</i>
Catchfly, Red . . .	<i>Youthful love.</i>
Catchfly, White . .	<i>Betrayed.</i>
Cattleya . . .	<i>Mature charms.</i>
Cattleya Pineli . .	<i>Matronly grace.</i>
Cedar . . .	<i>Strength.</i>
Cedar of Lebanon . .	<i>Incorruptible.</i>
Cedar Leaf . . .	<i>I live for thee.</i>
Celandine (Lesser) .	<i>Foys to come.</i>
Cereus (Creeping) .	<i>Modest genius.</i>
Centaury . . .	<i>Delicacy.</i>
Champignon . . .	<i>Suspicion.</i>
Checkered Fritillary .	<i>Persecution.</i>
Cherry Tree, White .	<i>Good education.</i>
Cherry Tree, White .	<i>Deception.</i>
Chestnut Tree . . .	<i>Do me justice.</i>
Chinese Primrose . .	<i>Lasting love.</i>
Chickweed . . .	<i>Rendezvous.</i>
Chicory . . .	<i>Frugality.</i>
China Aster . . .	<i>Variety.</i>
China Aster, Double .	<i>I partake your sentiments.</i>



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China Aster, Single .	. <i>I will think of it.</i>
China or Indian Pink .	. <i>Aversion.</i>
China Rose . . .	. <i>Beauty always new.</i>
Chinese Chrysanthemum .	. <i>Cheerfulness under adversity.</i>
Chorozema Varium .	. <i>You have many lovers.</i>
Christmas Rose .	. <i>Relieve my anxiety.</i>
Chrysanthemum, Red .	. <i>I love.</i>
Chrysanthemum, White .	. <i>Truth.</i>
Chrysanthemum, Yellow .	. <i>Slighted love.</i>
Cineraria . . .	. <i>Always delightful.</i>
Cinquefoil . . .	. <i>Maternal affection.</i>
Circæa . . .	. <i>Spell.</i>
Cistus, or Rock Rose .	. <i>Popular favour.</i>
Cistus, Gum . . .	. <i>I shall die to-morrow.</i>
Citron . . .	. <i>Ill-natured beauty.</i>
Clarkia . . .	. <i>The variety of your conversation delights me.</i>
Clematis . . .	. <i>Mental beauty.</i>
Clematis, Evergreen .	. <i>Poverty.</i>
Clianthus . . .	. <i>Worldliness. Self-seeking.</i>
Clotbur . . .	. <i>Rudeness. Pertinacity.</i>
Clover, Four-leaved .	. <i>Be mine.</i>
Clover, Red . . .	. <i>Industry.</i>
Clover, White . . .	. <i>Think of me.</i>
Cloves . . .	. <i>Dignity.</i>
Cobæa . . .	. <i>Gossip.</i>
Cockscomb Amaranth .	. <i>Affectation. Singularity</i>
Colchicum, or Meadow Saffron . . .	. <i>My best days are past.</i>
Coltsfoot . . .	. <i>Justice shall be done.</i>
Columbine . . .	. <i>Folly.</i>
Columbine, Purple .	. <i>Resolved to win.</i>

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Columbine, Red . . .	<i>Anxious and trembling.</i>
Convolvulus . . .	<i>Bonds.</i>
Convolvulus, Blue (Minor) . . .	<i>Repose. Night.</i>
Convolvulus, Major . . .	<i>Extinguished hopes.</i>
Convolvulus, Pink . . .	<i>Worth sustained by judicious, tender affection.</i>
Corchorus . . .	<i>Impatient of absence.</i>
Coreopsis . . .	<i>Always cheerful.</i>
Coreopsis Arkansa . . .	<i>Love at first sight.</i>
Coriander . . .	<i>Hidden worth.</i>
Corn . . .	<i>Riches.</i>
Corn, Broken . . .	<i>Quarrel.</i>
Corn Straw . . .	<i>Agreement.</i>
Corn Bottle . . .	<i>Delicacy.</i>
Corn Cockle . . .	<i>Gentility.</i>
Cornel Tree . . .	<i>Duration.</i>
Coronella . . .	<i>Success crown your wishes.</i>
Cosmelia Subra . . .	<i>The charm of a blush.</i>
Cowslip . . .	<i>Pensiveness. Winning grace.</i>
Cowslip, American . . .	<i>Divine beauty.</i>
Crab (Blossom) . . .	<i>Ill nature.</i>
Cranberry . . .	<i>Cure for heartache.</i>
Creeping Cereus . . .	<i>Horror.</i>
Cress . . .	<i>Stability.</i>
Crocus . . .	<i>Abuse not.</i>
Crocus, Spring . . .	<i>Youthful gladness.</i>
Crocus, Saffron . . .	<i>Mirth.</i>
Crown, Imperial . . .	<i>Majesty. Power.</i>
Crowsbill . . .	<i>Envy.</i>
Crowfoot . . .	<i>Ingratitude.</i>
Crowfoot (Aconite-leaved) . . .	<i>Lustre.</i>
Cuckoo plant . . .	<i>Ardour.</i>
Cudweed, American . . .	<i>Unceasing remembrance.</i>

Currant . . .	<i>Thy frown will kill me.</i>
Cuscuta . . .	<i>Meanness.</i>
Cyclamen . . .	<i>Diffidence.</i>
Cypress . . .	<i>Death. Mourning.</i>
DAFFODIL . . .	<i>Regard.</i>
Dahlia . . .	<i>Instability.</i>
Daisy . . .	<i>Innocence.</i>
Daisy, Garden . . .	<i>I share your sentiments.</i>
Daisy, Michaelmas . . .	<i>Farewell.</i>
Daisy, Parti-coloured . . .	<i>Beauty.</i>
Daisy, Wild . . .	<i>I will think of it.</i>
Damask Rose . . .	<i>Brilliant complexion.</i>
Dandelion . . .	<i>Rustic oracle.</i>
Daphne . . .	<i>Glory. Immortality.</i>
Daphne Odora . . .	<i>Painting the Lily.</i>
Darnel . . .	<i>Vice.</i>
Dead Leaves . . .	<i>Sadness.</i>
Deadly Nightshade . . .	<i>Falsehood.</i>
Dew Plant . . .	<i>A serenade.</i>
Dianthus . . .	<i>Make haste.</i>
Diosma . . .	<i>Your simple elegance charms me.</i>
Dipteracanthus Spectabilis . . .	<i>Fortitude.</i>
Diplademia Crassinoda . . .	<i>You are too bold.</i>
Dittany of Crete . . .	<i>Birth.</i>
Dittany of Crete, White . . .	<i>Passion.</i>
Dock . . .	<i>Patience.</i>
Dodder of Thyme . . .	<i>Baseness.</i>
Dogsbane . . .	<i>Deceit. Falsehood.</i>
Dogwood . . .	<i>Durability.</i>
Dragon Plant . . .	<i>Snare.</i>
Dragonwort . . .	<i>Horror.</i>
Dried Flax . . .	<i>Utility.</i>
EBONY TREE . . .	<i>Blackness.</i>
Echites Atropurpurea . . .	<i>Be warned in time.</i>

Eglantine (Sweet-brier)	<i>Poetry. I wound to heal.</i>
Elder . . . . .	<i>Zealousness.</i>
Elm . . . . .	<i>Dignity.</i>
Enchanter's Nightshade	<i>Witchcraft. Sorcery.</i>
Endive . . . . .	<i>Frugality.</i>
Escholzia . . . . .	<i>Do not refuse me.</i>
Eupatorium . . . . .	<i>Delay.</i>
Everflowering Candytuft	<i>Indifference.</i>
Evergreen Clematis . . . . .	<i>Poverty.</i>
Evergreen Thorn . . . . .	<i>Solace in adversity.</i>
Everlasting . . . . .	<i>Never-ceasing remembrance.</i>
Everlasting Pea . . . . .	<i>Lasting pleasure.</i>
FENNEL . . . . .	<i>Worthy of all praise.</i>
	<i>Strength.</i>
Fern . . . . .	<i>Fascination. Magic.</i>
Ficoides, Ice Plant . . . . .	<i>Your looks freeze me.</i>
Fig . . . . .	<i>Argument.</i>
Fig Marigold . . . . .	<i>Idleness.</i>
Fig Tree . . . . .	<i>Prolific.</i>
Filbert . . . . .	<i>Reconciliation.</i>
Fir . . . . .	<i>Time.</i>
Fir Tree . . . . .	<i>Elevation.</i>
Flax . . . . .	<i>Domestic industry. Fate.</i>
Flax-leaved Golden-locks	<i>Tardiness.</i>
Fleur-de-lis . . . . .	<i>Flame. I burn.</i>
Fleur-de-Luce . . . . .	<i>Fire.</i>
Flowering Fern . . . . .	<i>Reverie.</i>
Flowering Reed . . . . .	<i>Confidence in Heaven.</i>
Flower-of-an-hour . . . . .	<i>Delicate beauty.</i>
Fly Orchis . . . . .	<i>Error.</i>
Flytrap . . . . .	<i>Deceit.</i>
Fool's Parsley . . . . .	<i>Silliness.</i>
Forget-me-not . . . . .	<i>True love.</i>
Foxglove . . . . .	<i>Insincerity.</i>

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Foxtail Grass . . .	<i>Sporting.</i>
Franciscea Latifolia . . .	<i>Beware of false friends.</i>
French Honeysuckle . . .	<i>Rustic beauty.</i>
French Marigold . . .	<i>Jealousy.</i>
French Willow . . .	<i>Bravery and humanity.</i>
Frog Ophrys . . .	<i>Disgust.</i>
Fuller's Teasel . . .	<i>Misanthropy.</i>
Fumitory . . .	<i>Spleen.</i>
Fuschia, Scarlet . . .	<i>Taste.</i>
Furze, or Gorse . . .	<i>Love for all seasons.</i>
GARDEN ANEMONE . . .	<i>Forsaken.</i>
Garden Chervil . . .	<i>Sincerity.</i>
Garden Daisy . . .	<i>I partake your sentiments.</i>
Garden Marigold . . .	<i>Uneasiness.</i>
Garden Sage . . .	<i>Esteem.</i>
Garland of Roses . . .	<i>Reward of virtue.</i>
Gardenia . . .	<i>Refinement.</i>
Germander Speedwell . . .	<i>Facility.</i>
Geranium, Dark . . .	<i>Melancholy.</i>
Geranium, Horse-shoe Leaf . . .	<i>Stupidity.</i>
Geranium, Ivy . . .	<i>Bridal favour.</i>
Geranium, Lemon . . .	<i>Unexpected Meeting.</i>
Geranium, Nutmeg . . .	<i>Expected Meeting.</i>
Geranium, Oak-leaved . . .	<i>True friendship.</i>
Geranium, Pencilled . . .	<i>Ingenuity.</i>
Geranium, Rose-scented . . .	<i>Preference.</i>
Geranium, Scarlet . . .	<i>Comforting.</i>
Geranium, Silver-leaved . . .	<i>Recall.</i>
Geranium, Wild . . .	<i>Steadfast piety.</i>
Gillyflower . . .	<i>Bonds of affection.</i>
Gladioli . . .	<i>Ready armed.</i>
Glory Flower . . .	<i>Glorious beauty.</i>
Goat's Rue . . .	<i>Reason.</i>
Golden Rod . . .	<i>Precaution.</i>

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Gooseberry	.	.	.	<i>Anticipation.</i>
Gourd	.	.	.	<i>Extent. Bulk.</i>
Grammanthus Chloraflora	.	.	.	<i>Your temper is too hasty.</i>
Grape, Wild	.	.	.	<i>Charity.</i>
Grass	.	.	.	<i>Submission. Utility.</i>
Guelder Rose	.	.	.	<i>Winter. Age.</i>
HAND FLOWER TREE	.	.	.	<i>Warning.</i>
Harebell	.	.	.	<i>Submission. Grief.</i>
Hawkweed	.	.	.	<i>Quicksightedness.</i>
Hawthorn	.	.	.	<i>Hope.</i>
Hazel	.	.	.	<i>Reconciliation.</i>
Heart's-ease, or Pansy	.	.	.	<i>Thoughts.</i>
Heath	.	.	.	<i>Solitude.</i>
Helenium	.	.	.	<i>Tears.</i>
Heliotrope	.	.	.	<i>Devotion, or I turn to thee.</i>
Hellebore	.	.	.	<i>Scandal. Calumny.</i>
Helmet Flower (Monks-hood)	.	.	.	<i>Knight-errantry.</i>
Hemlock	.	.	.	<i>You will be my death.</i>
Hemp	.	.	.	<i>Fate.</i>
Henbane	.	.	.	<i>Imperfection.</i>
Hepatica	.	.	.	<i>Confidence.</i>
Hibiscus	.	.	.	<i>Delicate beauty.</i>
Holly	.	.	.	<i>Foresight.</i>
Holly Herb	.	.	.	<i>Enchantment.</i>
Hollyhock	.	.	.	<i>Ambition. Fecundity.</i>
Honesty	.	.	.	<i>Honesty.</i>
Honey Flower	.	.	.	<i>Love sweet and secret.</i>
Honeysuckle	.	.	.	<i>Generous and devoted affection.</i>
Honeysuckle (Coral)	.	.	.	<i>The colour of my fate.</i>
Honeysuckle (French)	.	.	.	<i>Rustic beauty.</i>
Hop	.	.	.	<i>Injustice.</i>
Hornbeam	.	.	.	<i>Ornament.</i>

Horse Chestnut	.	.	<i>Luxury.</i>
Hortensia	.	.	<i>You are cold.</i>
Houseleek	.	.	<i>Vivacity. Domestic industry.</i>
Houstonia	.	.	<i>Content.</i>
Hoya	.	.	<i>Sculpture.</i>
Hoyabella	.	.	<i>Contentment.</i>
Humble Plant	.	.	<i>Despondency.</i>
Hundred-leaved Rose	.	.	<i>Dignity of mind.</i>
Hyacinth	.	.	<i>Sport. Game. Play.</i>
Hyacinth, Purple	.	.	<i>Sorrowful.</i>
Hyacinth, White	.	.	<i>Unobtrusive loveliness.</i>
Hydrangea	.	.	<i>A boaster.</i>
Hyssop	.	.	<i>Cleanliness.</i>
ICELAND MOSS	.	.	<i>Health.</i>
Ice Plant	.	.	<i>Your looks freeze me.</i>
Imbricata	.	.	<i>Uprightness. Sentiments of honour.</i>
Imperial Montague	.	.	<i>Power.</i>
Indian Cress	.	.	<i>Warlike trophy.</i>
Indian Jasmine (Ipomœa)	.	.	<i>Attachment.</i>
Indian Pink (Double)	.	.	<i>Always lovely.</i>
Indian Plum	.	.	<i>Privation.</i>
Iris	.	.	<i>Message.</i>
Iris, German	.	.	<i>Flame.</i>
Ivy	.	.	<i>Friendship. Marriage.</i>
Ivy, Sprig of, with Tendrils	.	.	<i>Assiduous to please.</i>
JACOB'S LADDER	.	.	<i>Come down.</i>
Japan Rose	.	.	<i>Beauty is your only attraction.</i>
Jasmine	.	.	<i>Amiability.</i>
Jasmine, Cape	.	.	<i>Transport of joy</i>
Jasmine, Carolina	.	.	<i>Separation.</i>
Jasmine, Indian	.	.	<i>I attach myself to you.</i>
Jasmine, Spanish	.	.	<i>Sensuality.</i>

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Jasmine, Yellow	.	.	<i>Grace and elegance.</i>
Jonquil	.	.	<i>I desire a return of affection.</i>
Judas Tree	.	.	<i>Unbelief. Betrayal.</i>
Juniper	.	.	<i>Succour. Protection.</i>
Justicia	.	.	<i>The perfection of female loveliness.</i>
KENNEDIA	.	.	<i>Mental beauty.</i>
Kingcups	.	.	<i>Desire of riches.</i>
LABURNUM	.	.	<i>Pensive Beauty.</i>
Lady's Slipper	.	.	<i>Win me and wear me.</i>
Lagerstræmia, Indian	.	.	<i>Eloquence.</i>
Lantana	.	.	<i>Rigour.</i>
Lapageria Rosea	.	.	<i>There is no unalloyed good.</i>
Larch	.	.	<i>Audacity. Boldness.</i>
Larkspur	.	.	<i>Lightness. Levity.</i>
Larkspur, Pink	.	.	<i>Fickleness.</i>
Larkspur, Purple	.	.	<i>Haughtiness.</i>
Laurel	.	.	<i>Glory.</i>
Laurel, Common, in flower	.	.	<i>Perfidy.</i>
Laurel, Ground	.	.	<i>Perseverance.</i>
Laurel, Mountain	.	.	<i>Ambition.</i>
Laurel-leaved Magnolia	.	.	<i>Dignity.</i>
Laurestina	.	.	<i>A token.</i>
Lavender	.	.	<i>Distrust.</i>
Leaves (dead)	.	.	<i>Melancholy.</i>
Lemon	.	.	<i>Zest.</i>
Lemon Blossoms	.	.	<i>Fidelity in love.</i>
Leschenaultia Splendens	.	.	<i>You are charming.</i>
Lettuce	.	.	<i>Cold-heartedness.</i>
Lichen	.	.	<i>Dejection. Solitude.</i>
Lilac, Field	.	.	<i>Humility.</i>
Lilac, Purple	.	.	<i>First emotions of love.</i>
Lilac, White	.	.	<i>Youthful innocence.</i>
Lily, Day	.	.	<i>Coquetry.</i>



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Lily, Imperial . . .	<i>Majesty.</i>
Lily, White . . .	<i>Purity. Sweetness.</i>
Lily, Yellow . . .	<i>Gaiety.</i>
Lily of the Valley . .	<i>Return of happiness. Un-</i> <i>conscious sweetness.</i>
Linden or Lime Trees .	<i>Conjugal love.</i>
Lint . . .	<i>I feel my obligations.</i>
Live Oak . . .	<i>Liberty.</i>
Liverwort . . .	<i>Confidence.</i>
Liquorice, Wild . . .	<i>I declare against you.</i>
Lobelia . . .	<i>Malevolence.</i>
Locust Tree . . .	<i>Elegance.</i>
Locust Tree (green) .	<i>Affection beyond the grave.</i>
London Pride . . .	<i>Frivolity.</i>
Lote Tree . . .	<i>Concord.</i>
Lotus . . .	<i>Eloquence.</i>
Lotus Flower . . .	<i>Estranged love.</i>
Lotus Leaf . . .	<i>Recantation.</i>
Love in a Mist . . .	<i>Perplexity.</i>
Love lies Bleeding . .	<i>Hopeless, not heartless.</i>
Lucern . . .	<i>Life.</i>
Lupine . . .	<i>Voraciousness.</i>
MADDER . . .	<i>Calumny.</i>
Magnolia . . .	<i>Love of Nature.</i>
Magnolia, Swamp . .	<i>Perseverance.</i>
Mallow . . .	<i>Mildness.</i>
Mallow, Marsh . . .	<i>Beneficence.</i>
Mallow, Syrian . . .	<i>Consumed by love.</i>
Mallow, Venetian . .	<i>Delicate beauty.</i>
Malon Creeana . . .	<i>Will you share my for-</i> <i>tunes ?</i>
Manchineal Tree . . .	<i>Falsehood.</i>
Mandrake . . .	<i>Horror.</i>
Maple . . .	<i>Reserve.</i>
Marianthus . . .	<i>Hope for better days.</i>

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Marigold . . . .	Grief.
Marigold, African . .	Vulgar minds.
Marigold, French . .	Jealousy.
Marigold, Prophetic .	Prediction.
Marigold and Cypress .	Despair.
Marjoram . . . .	Blushes.
Marvel of Peru . . .	Timidity.
Meadow Lychnis . . .	Wit.
Meadow Saffron . . .	My best days are past.
Meadowsweet . . . .	Uselessness.
Mercury . . . . .	Goodness.
Mesembryanthemum .	Idleness.
Mezereon . . . . .	Desire to please.
Michaelmas Daisy . .	Afterthought.
Mignonette . . . .	Your qualities surpass your charms.
Milfoil . . . . .	War.
Milkvetch . . . . .	Your presence softens my pains.
Milkwort . . . . .	Hermitage.
Mimosa (Sensitive Plant)	Sensitiveness.
Mint . . . . .	Virtue.
Mistletoe . . . . .	I surmount difficulties.
Mitraria Coccinea . .	Indolence. Dulness.
Mock Orange . . . .	Counterfeit.
Monarda Amplexicaulis	Your whims are quite un- bearable.
Monkshood . . . . .	A deadly foe is near.
Monkshood (Helmet Flower . . . . .	Chivalry. Knight-erran- try.
Moonwort . . . . .	Forgetfulness.
Morning Glory . . . .	Affectation.
Moss . . . . .	Maternal love.
Mosses . . . . .	Ennui.
Mossy Saxifrage . . .	Affection.

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Motherwort . . .	<i>Concealed love.</i>
Mountain Ash . . .	<i>Prudence.</i>
Mourning Bride . . .	<i>I have lost all.</i>
Mouse-eared Chickweed . . .	<i>Ingenuous simplicity.</i>
Mouse-eared Scorpion Grass . . .	<i>Forget me not.</i>
Moving Plant . . .	<i>Agitation.</i>
Mudwort . . .	<i>Happiness. Tranquillity.</i>
Mulberry Tree (Black) . . .	<i>I shall not survive you.</i>
Mulberry Tree (White) . . .	<i>Wisdom.</i>
Mushroom . . .	<i>Suspicion, or I can't en- tirely trust you.</i>
Musk Plant . . .	<i>Weakness.</i>
Mustard Seed . . .	<i>Indifference.</i>
Myrobalan . . .	<i>Privation.</i>
Myrrh . . .	<i>Gladness.</i>
Myrtle . . .	<i>Love.</i>
NARCISSUS . . .	<i>Egotism.</i>
Nasturtium . . .	<i>Patriotism.</i>
Nemophila . . .	<i>Success everywhere.</i>
Nettle, Common Stinging . . .	<i>You are spiteful.</i>
Nettle, Burning . . .	<i>Slander.</i>
Nettle Tree . . .	<i>Conceit.</i>
Night-blooming Cereus . . .	<i>Transient beauty.</i>
Night Convolvulus . . .	<i>Night.</i>
Nightshade . . .	<i>Falsehood.</i>
OAK LEAVES . . .	<i>Bravery.</i>
Oak 'Tree . . .	<i>Hospitality.</i>
Oak (White) . . .	<i>Independence. [music.</i>
Oats . . .	<i>The witching soul of</i>
Oleander . . .	<i>Beware.</i>
Olive . . .	<i>Peace.</i>
Orange Blossoms . . .	<i>Your purity equals your loveliness. [vities.</i>
Orange Flowers . . .	<i>Chastity. Bridal festi-</i>

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Orange Tree . . .	<i>Generosity.</i>
Orchis . . .	<i>A belle.</i>
Osier . . .	<i>Frankness.</i>
Osmunda . . .	<i>Dreams.</i>
Ox-eye . . .	<i>Patience.</i>
PALM . . .	<i>Victory.</i>
Pansy . . .	<i>Thoughts.</i>
Parsley . . .	<i>Festivity.</i>
Pasque Flower . . .	<i>You have no claims.</i>
Passion Flower (reversed)	<i>Religious superstition.</i>
Passion Flower (erect)	<i>Faith.</i>
Patience Dock . . .	<i>Patience.</i>
Pea, Everlasting . . .	<i>Lasting pleasure.</i>
Pea, Sweet . . .	<i>Departure.</i>
Peach . . .	<i>Your qualities, like your charms, are unequalled.</i>
Peach Blossom . . .	<i>I am your captive.</i>
Pear . . .	<i>Affection.</i>
Pear Tree . . .	<i>Comfort.</i>
Penstemon Azureum . . .	<i>High-bred.</i>
Pennyroyal . . .	<i>Flee away.</i>
Peony . . .	<i>Shame. Bashfulness.</i>
Peppermint . . .	<i>Warmth of feeling.</i>
Periwinkle, Blue . . .	<i>Early Friendship.</i>
Periwinkle, White . . .	<i>Pleasures of memory.</i>
Persicaria . . .	<i>Restoration.</i>
Persimon . . .	<i>Bury me amid Nature's beauties.</i>
Peruvian Heliotrope . . .	<i>Devotion.</i>
Petunia . . .	<i>Your presence soothes me.</i>
Pheasant's Eye . . .	<i>Remembrance.</i>
Phlox . . .	<i>Unanimity.</i>
Pigeon Berry . . .	<i>Indifference.</i>
Pimpernel . . .	<i>Change. Assassination.</i>
Pine . . .	<i>Pity.</i>

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Pine-apple . . .	<i>You are perfect.</i>
Pine, Pitch . . .	<i>Philosophy.</i>
Pine, Spruce . . .	<i>Hope in adversity.</i>
Pink . . .	<i>Boldness.</i>
Pink, Carnation . . .	<i>Woman's love.</i>
Pink, Indian, Double . . .	<i>Always lovely.</i>
Pink, Indian, Single . . .	<i>Aversion.</i>
Pink, Mountain . . .	<i>Aspiring.</i>
Pink, Red, Double . . .	<i>Pure and ardent love.</i>
Pink, Single . . .	<i>Pure love.</i>
Pink, Variegated . . .	<i>Refusal.</i>
Pink, White . . .	<i>Ingeniousness. Talent.</i>
Plantain . . .	<i>White man's footsteps.</i>
Plane Tree . . .	<i>Genius.</i>
Plum, Indian . . .	<i>Privation.</i>
Plum Tree . . .	<i>Fidelity.</i>
Plum, Wild . . .	<i>Independence.</i>
Plumbago Larpenta . . .	<i>Holy wishes.</i>
Polyanthus . . .	<i>Pride of riches.</i>
Polyanthus, Crimson . . .	<i>The heart's mystery.</i>
Polyanthus, Lilac . . .	<i>Confidence.</i>
Pomegranate . . .	<i>Foolishness.</i>
Pomegranate Flower . . .	<i>Mature elegance.</i>
Poor Robin . . .	<i>Compensation or an equivalent.</i>
Poplar, Black . . .	<i>Courage.</i>
Poplar, White . . .	<i>Time.</i>
Poppy, Red . . .	<i>Consolation.</i>
Poppy, Scarlet . . .	<i>Fantastic extravagance.</i>
Poppy, White . . .	<i>Sleep. My bane.</i>
Potato . . .	<i>Benevolence. [esteem.</i>
Potentilla . . .	<i>I reckon on, at least, your</i>
Prickly Pear . . .	<i>Satire.</i>
Pride of China . . .	<i>Dissension.</i>
Primrose . . .	<i>Early youth and sadness.</i>

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Primrose, Evening . . .	<i>Inconstancy.</i>
Privet . . .	<i>Prohibition.</i>
Purple Clover . . .	<i>Provident.</i>
Pyrus Japonica . . .	<i>Fairies' Fire.</i>
QUAKING GRASS . . .	<i>Agitation.</i>
Queen's Rocket . . .	<i>You are the queen of coquettes. Fashion.</i>
Quince . . .	<i>Temptation.</i>
RAGGED ROBIN . . .	<i>Wit.</i>
Ranunculus . . .	<i>You are radiant with charms.</i>
Ranunculus, Wild . . .	<i>Ingratitude.</i>
Raspberry . . .	<i>Remorse.</i>
Ray Grass . . .	<i>Vice.</i>
Red Catchfly . . .	<i>Youthful love.</i>
Reed . . .	<i>Complaisance. Music.</i>
Rhododendron (Rosebay) . . .	<i>Danger.</i>
Rhubarb . . .	<i>Advice.</i>
Rocket . . .	<i>Rivalry.</i>
Rose . . .	<i>Love.</i> [lovely.]
Rose, Austrian . . .	<i>Thou art all that is</i>
Rose, Bridal . . .	<i>Happy love.</i>
Rose, Cabbage . . .	<i>Ambassador of love.</i>
Rose, Champion . . .	<i>Only deserve my love.</i>
Rose, Carolina . . .	<i>Love is dangerous.</i>
Rose, China . . .	<i>Beauty always new.</i>
Rose, Christmas . . .	<i>Tranquillise my anxiety.</i>
Rose, Daily . . .	<i>Thy smile I aspire to.</i>
Rose, Damask . . .	<i>Brilliant complexion.</i>
Rose, Deep Red . . .	<i>Bashful shame.</i>
Rose, Dog . . .	<i>Pleasure and pain.</i>
Rose, Guelder . . .	<i>Winter. Age.</i>
Rose, Hundred-leaved . . .	<i>Pride.</i>
Rose, Japan . . .	<i>Beauty is your only attraction.</i>

Rose, Maiden Blush	. . .	<i>If you love me you will find it out.</i>
Rose, Montiflora	. . .	<i>Grace.</i>
Rose, Mundi	. . .	<i>Variety.</i>
Rose, Musk	. . .	<i>Capricious beauty.</i>
Rose, Musk, Cluster	. . .	<i>Charming.</i>
Rose, Single	. . .	<i>Simplicity.</i>
Rose, Thornless	. . .	<i>Early attachment.</i>
Rose, Unique	. . .	<i>Call me not beautiful.</i>
Rose, White	. . .	<i>I am worthy of you.</i>
Rose, Yellow	. . .	<i>Jealousy.</i>
Rose, York and Lancaster	. . .	<i>War.</i>
Rose, Full-blown, placed over two Buds	. . .	<i>Secrecy.</i>
Rose, White and Red together	. . .	<i>Unity.</i>
Roses, Crown of	. . .	<i>Reward of virtue.</i>
Rosebud, Red	. . .	<i>Pure and lovely.</i>
Rosebud, White	. . .	<i>Girlhood.</i>
Rosebud, Moss	. . .	<i>Confession of love.</i>
Rosebud (Rhododendron)	. . .	<i>Beware. Danger.</i>
Rosemary	. . .	<i>Remembrance.</i>
Rudbeckia	. . .	<i>Justice.</i>
Rue	. . .	<i>Disdain.</i>
Rush	. . .	<i>Docility.</i>
Rye Grass	. . .	<i>Changeable disposition.</i>
SAFFRON	. . .	<i>Beware of excess.</i>
Saffron Crocus	. . .	<i>Mirth.</i>
Saffron, Meadow	. . .	<i>My happiest days are past.</i>
Sage	. . .	<i>Domestic virtue.</i>
Sage, Garden	. . .	<i>Esteem.</i>
Sainfoin	. . .	<i>Agitation.</i>
Saint John's Wort	. . .	<i>Animosity.</i>
Salvia, Blue	. . .	<i>Wisdom.</i>
Salvia, Red	. . .	<i>Energy.</i>

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Saxifrage, Mossy . . .	<i>Affection.</i>
Scabious . . .	<i>Unfortunate love.</i>
Scabious, Sweet . . .	<i>Widowhood.</i>
Scarlet Lychnis . . .	<i>Sunbeaming eyes.</i>
Schinus . . .	<i>Religious enthusiasm.</i>
Scotch Fir . . .	<i>Elevation.</i>
Sensitive Plant . . .	<i>Sensibility.</i>
Senvy . . .	<i>Indifference.</i>
Shamrock . . .	<i>Light-heartedness.</i>
Shepherd's Purse . . .	<i>I offer you my all.</i>
Siphocampylos . . .	<i>Resolved to be noticed.</i>
Snakesfoot . . .	<i>Horror.</i>
Snapdragon . . .	<i>Presumption, also "No."</i>
Snowball . . .	<i>Bound.</i>
Snowdrop . . .	<i>Hope.</i>
Sorrel . . .	<i>Affection.</i>
Sorrel, Wood . . .	<i>Joy.</i>
Southernwood . . .	<i>Fest.</i>
Spanish Jasmine . . .	<i>Sensuality.</i>
Spearmint . . .	<i>Warmth of sentiment.</i>
Speedwell . . .	<i>Female fidelity.</i>
Speedwell, Germander . . .	<i>Facility.</i>
Speedwell, Spiked . . .	<i>Semblance.</i>
Spider Ophrys . . .	<i>Adroitness.</i>
Spiderwort . . .	<i>Esteem, not love.</i>
Spiked Willow Herb . . .	<i>Pretension.</i>
Spindle Tree . . .	<i>Your charms are engraved on my heart.</i>
Star of Bethlehem . . .	<i>Purity.</i>
Starwort . . .	<i>Afterthought.</i>
Starwort, American . . .	<i>Cheerfulness in old age.</i>
Stephanotis . . .	<i>Will you accompany me to the East?</i>
Stock . . .	<i>Lasting beauty.</i>
Stock, Ten-week . . .	<i>Promptness.</i>



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Stonecrop . . .	<i>Tranquillity.</i>
Straw, Broken . . .	<i>Rupture of a contract.</i>
Straw, Whole . . .	<i>Union.</i>
Strawberry Blossoms . . .	<i>Foresight.</i>
Sultan, Lilac . . .	<i>I forgive you.</i>
Sultan, White . . .	<i>Sweetness.</i>
Sultan, Yellow . . .	<i>Contempt.</i>
Sumach, Venice . . .	<i>Splendour.</i>
Sunflower . . .	<i>Haughtiness.</i>
Swallow-wort . . .	<i>Cure for heartache.</i>
Sweet Basil . . .	<i>Good wishes.</i>
Sweetbrier, American . . .	<i>Simplicity.</i>
Sweetbrier, European . . .	<i>I wound to heal.</i>
Sweetbrier, Yellow . . .	<i>Decrease of love.</i>
Sweet Pea . . .	<i>Delicate pleasures.</i>
Sweet Sultan . . .	<i>Felicity.</i>
Sweet William . . .	<i>Gallantry.</i>
Sycamore . . .	<i>Curiosity.</i>
Syringa . . .	<i>Memory.</i>
Syringa, Carolina . . .	<i>Disappointment.</i>
TAMARISK . . .	<i>Crime.</i>
Tansy (Wild) . . .	<i>I declare war against you.</i>
Teasel . . .	<i>Misanthropy.</i>
Tendrils of Climbing Plants . . .	<i>Ties.</i>
Thistle, Common . . .	<i>Austerity.</i>
Thistle, Fuller's . . .	<i>Misanthropy.</i>
Thistle, Scotch . . .	<i>Retaliation.</i>
Thorn Apple . . .	<i>Deceitful charms.</i>
Thorn, Branch of . . .	<i>Severity.</i>
Thrift . . .	<i>Sympathy.</i>
Throatwort . . .	<i>Neglected beauty.</i>
Thyme . . .	<i>Activity or courage.</i>
Tiger Flower . . .	<i>For once may pride be friend me.</i>

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Traveller's Joy . . .	<i>Safety.</i>
Tree of Life . . .	<i>Old age.</i>
Trefoil . . .	<i>Revenge.</i>
Tremella Nestoc . . .	<i>Resistance.</i>
Trillium Pictum . . .	<i>Modest beauty.</i>
Triptilion Spinosum . . .	<i>Be prudent.</i>
Truffle . . .	<i>Surprise.</i>
Trumpet Flower . . .	<i>Fame.</i>
Tuberose . . .	<i>Dangerous pleasures.</i>
Tulip, Red . . .	<i>Declaration of love.</i>
Tulip, Variegated . . .	<i>Beautiful eyes.</i>
Tulip, Yellow . . .	<i>Hopeless love.</i>
Turnip . . .	<i>Charity.</i>
Tussilage (Sweet-scented)	<i>Justice shall be done you.</i>
VALERIAN . . .	<i>An accommodating dis- position.</i>
Valerian, Greek . . .	<i>Rupture.</i>
Venice Sumach . . .	<i>Intellectual excellence.</i>
Venus's Car . . .	<i>Fly with me.</i>
Venus's Looking-glass . . .	<i>Flattery.</i>
Venus's Trap . . .	<i>Deceit.</i>
Verbena; Pink . . .	<i>Family union.</i>
Verbena, Scarlet . . .	<i>Unite against evil, or Church unity.</i>
Verbena, White . . .	<i>Pray for me.</i>
Vernal Grass . . .	<i>Poor, but happy.</i>
Veronica . . .	<i>Fidelity.</i>
Vervain . . .	<i>Enchantment.</i>
Vine . . .	<i>Intoxication.</i>
Violet, Blue . . .	<i>Faithfulness.</i>
Violet, Sweet . . .	<i>Modesty.</i>
Violet, Yellow . . .	<i>Rural happiness.</i>
Virginia Creeper . . .	<i>I cling to you both in sunshine and shade.</i>
Virgin's Bower . . .	<i>Filial love.</i>

Viscaria Oculata . . .	<i>Will you dance with me?</i>
Volkamenia . . .	<i>May you be happy.</i>
WALNUT . . .	<i>Intellect. Stratagem.</i>
Wallflower . . .	<i>Fidelity in adversity.</i>
Watcher by the Wayside	<i>Never despair.</i>
Water Lily . . .	<i>Purity of heart.</i>
Water Melon . . .	<i>Bulkiness.</i>
Wax Plant . . .	<i>Susceptibility.</i>
Wheat Stock . . .	<i>Riches.</i>
Whin . . .	<i>Anger.</i>
White Jasmine . . .	<i>Amiability.</i>
White Lily . . .	<i>Purity and modesty.</i>
White Mullein . . .	<i>Good-nature.</i>
White Oak . . .	<i>Independence.</i>
White Pink . . .	<i>Talent.</i>
White Poplar . . .	<i>Time.</i>
White Rose (dried) . . .	<i>Death preferable to loss of innocence.</i>
Whortleberry . . .	<i>Treason.</i>
Willow, Creeping . . .	<i>Love forsaken.</i>
Willow, Water . . .	<i>Freedom.</i>
Willow, Weeping . . .	<i>Mourning.</i>
Willow Herb . . .	<i>Pretension.</i>
Willow, French . . .	<i>Bravery and humanity.</i>
Winter Cherry . . .	<i>Deception.</i>
Wisteria . . .	<i>Welcome, fair stranger.</i>
Witch Hazel . . .	<i>A spell.</i>
Woodbine . . .	<i>Fraternal love.</i>
Wood Sorrel . . .	<i>Maternal tenderness.</i>
Wormwood . . .	<i>Absence.</i>
XANTHIUM . . .	<i>Rudeness. Pertinacity.</i>
Xeranthemum . . .	<i>Cheerfulness under adver-</i>
YEW . . .	<i>Sorrow.</i> [sity.]
ZEPHYR FLOWER . . .	<i>Expectation.</i>
Zinnia . . .	<i>Thoughts of absent friends</i>

## PART SECOND.

ABSENCE . . .	<i>Wormwood.</i>
Abuse not . . .	<i>Crocus.</i>
Acknowledgment . . .	<i>Canterbury Bell.</i>
Activity, or Courage . . .	<i>Thyme.</i>
A deadly foe is near . . .	<i>Monkshood.</i>
Admiration . . .	<i>Amethyst.</i>
Adroitness . . .	<i>Spider Ophrys.</i>
Adulation . . .	<i>Cacalia.</i>
Advice . . .	<i>Rhubarb.</i>
Affection . . .	<i>Mossy Saxifrage. Pear. Sorrel.</i>
Affection beyond the grave	<i>Green Locust.</i>
Affection, Maternal . . .	<i>Cinquefoil.</i>
Affectation . . .	<i>Cockscomb Amaranth. Morning Glory.</i>
Afterthought . . .	<i>Starwort. China Aster.</i>
Agreement . . .	<i>Straw.</i>
Age . . .	<i>Guelder Rose.</i>
Agitation . . .	<i>Moving Plant. Sainfoin.</i>
Alas! for my poor heart . . .	<i>Deep Red Carnation.</i>
Always cheerful . . .	<i>Coreopsis.</i>
Always lovely . . .	<i>Indian Pink (double).</i>
Always delightful . . .	<i>Cineraria.</i>
Ambassador of love . . .	<i>Cabbage Rose.</i>
Amiability . . .	<i>Jasmine.</i>
Anger . . .	<i>Whin, or Gorse.</i>
Animosity . . .	<i>St. John's Wort.</i>
Anticipation . . .	<i>Gooseberry.</i>
Anxious and trembling . . .	<i>Red Columbine.</i>
Ardour, Zeal . . .	<i>Cuckoo Plant. Arum.</i>
Argument . . .	<i>Fig.</i>
Arts, or Artifice . . .	<i>Acanthus.</i>

Assiduous to please .	. Sprig of Ivy with tendrils.
Assignation . . .	. Pimpernel.
Attachment . . .	. Indian Jasmine.
Audacity . . .	. Larch.
Avarice . . .	. Scarlet Auricula.
Aversion . . .	. China or Indian Pink.
BASENESS . . .	. Dodder of Thyme.
Bashfulness . . .	. Peony.
Bashful shame . . .	. Deep Red Rose.
Be prudent . . .	. Triptilion Spinosum.
Be warned in time . . .	. Echites Atro-purpurea.
Beautiful eyes . . .	. Variegated Tulip.
Beauty . . .	. Parti-coloured Daisy.
Beauty always new . . .	. China Rose.
Beauty, capricious . . .	. Musk Rose.
Beauty, delicate . . .	. Flower of an hour.
	. Hibiscus.
Beauty, divine . . .	. American Cowslip.
Beauty, glorious . . .	. Glory Flower.
Beauty, lasting . . .	. Stock.
Beauty, magnificent . . .	. Colla Æthiopica.
Beauty, mental . . .	. Clematis.
Beauty, modest . . .	. Trillium Pictum.
Beauty, neglected . . .	. Throatwort.
Beauty, pensive . . .	. Laburnum.
Beauty, rustic . . .	. French Honeysuckle.
Beauty is your only attrac- tion . . .	. Japan Rose.
Belle . . .	. Orchis.
Be mine . . .	. Four-leaved Clover.
Beneficence . . .	. Marshmallow.
Benevolence . . .	. Potato.
Betrayed . . .	. White Catchfly.
Beware . . .	. Oleander.
Beware of a false friend . . .	. Franciscea Latifolia.

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Blackness . . .	<i>Ebony Tree.</i>
Bluntness . . .	<i>Borage.</i>
Blushes . . .	<i>Marjoram.</i>
Boaster . . .	<i>Hydrangea.</i>
Boldness . . .	<i>Pink.</i>
Bonds . . .	<i>Convolvulus.</i>
Bonds of affection . .	<i>Gillyflower.</i>
Bravery . . .	<i>Oak Leaves.</i>
Bravery and humanity .	<i>French Willow.</i>
Bridal favour . . .	<i>Ivy Geranium.</i>
Brilliant complexion .	<i>Damask Rose.</i>
Bulk . . .	<i>Water Melon. Gourd.</i>
Bury me amid Nature's beauties . . .	<i>Persimmon.</i>
CALL me not beautiful .	<i>Rose Unique.</i>
Calm repose . . .	<i>Buckbean.</i>
Calumny . . .	<i>Hellebore. Madder.</i>
Change . . .	<i>Pimpernel.</i>
Changeable disposition .	<i>Rye Grass.</i>
Charity . . .	<i>Turnip.</i>
Charming . . .	<i>Cluster of Musk Roses.</i>
Charms, deceitful . .	<i>Thorn Apple.</i>
Cheerfulness in old age .	<i>American Starwort.</i>
Cheerfulness under ad- versity . . .	<i>Chinese Chrysanthemum.</i>
Chivalry . . .	<i>Monkshood.</i>
Cleanliness . . .	<i>Hyssop.</i>
Coldheartedness . . .	<i>Lettuce.</i>
Coldness . . .	<i>Agnus Castus.</i>
Colour of my life . . .	<i>Coral Honeysuckle.</i>
Come down . . .	<i>Jacob's Ladder.</i>
Comfort . . .	<i>Pear Tree.</i>
Comforting . . .	<i>Scarlet Geranium.</i>
Compassion . . .	<i>Allspice.</i>
Concealed love . . .	<i>Motherwort.</i>

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Concert . . .	. <i>Nettle Tree.</i>
Concord . . .	. <i>Lote Tree.</i>
Confession of love . .	. <i>Moss Rosebud.</i>
Confidence . . .	. <i>Hepatica. Lilac Polyan-</i> <i>thus. Liverwort.</i>
Confidence in heaven .	. <i>Flowering Reed.</i>
Conjugal love . . .	. <i>Lime or Linden Tree.</i>
Consolation . . .	. <i>Red Poppy.</i>
Constancy . . .	. <i>Bluebell.</i>
Consumed by love . .	. <i>Syrian Mallow.</i>
Contentment . . .	. <i>Hoyabella.</i>
Could you bear poverty .	. <i>Browallia Jamisonii.</i>
Counterfeit . . .	. <i>Mock Orange.</i>
Courage . . .	. <i>Black Poplar.</i>
Crime . . .	. <i>Tamarisk.</i>
Cure . . .	. <i>Balm of Gilead.</i>
Cure for heartache . .	. <i>Swallow-wort.</i>
Curiosity . . .	. <i>Sycamore.</i>
DANGER . . .	. <i>Rhododendron Rosebay.</i>
Dangerous pleasures .	. <i>Tuberose.</i>
Death . . .	. <i>Cypress.</i>
Death preferable to loss of innocence . . .	. <i>White Rose (dried).</i>
Deceit . . .	. <i>Apocynum. Flytrap.</i> <i>Dogsbane.</i>
Deceitful charms . .	. <i>Apple, Thorn.</i>
Deception . . .	. <i>White Cherry Tree.</i>
Declaration of love . .	. <i>Red Tulip.</i>
Deformed . . .	. <i>Begonia.</i>
Dejection . . .	. <i>Lichen.</i>
Delay . . .	. <i>Eupatorium.</i>
Delicacy . . .	. <i>Bluebottle. Centaury.</i>
Desire to please . .	. <i>Mezereon.</i>
Despair . . .	. <i>Cypress.</i>
Despondency . . .	. <i>Humble Plant.</i>

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Devotion, or I turn to thee	<i>Peruvian Heliotrope.</i>
Difficulty . . . .	<i>Blackthorn.</i>
Dignity . . . .	<i>Cloves. Laurel-leaved Magnolia.</i>
Disappointment . . . .	<i>Syringa, Carolina.</i>
Disdain . . . .	<i>Yellow Carnation. Rue.</i>
Disgust . . . .	<i>Frog Ophrys.</i>
Dissension . . . .	<i>Pride of China.</i>
Distinction . . . .	<i>Cardinal Flower.</i>
Distrust . . . .	<i>Lavender.</i>
Divine beauty . . . .	<i>American Cowslip.</i>
Docility . . . .	<i>Rush.</i>
Domestic Industry . . . .	<i>Flax.</i>
Domestic virtue . . . .	<i>Sage.</i>
Do not despise my poverty	<i>Shepherd's Purse.</i>
Do not refuse me . . . .	<i>Eschcolzia, or Carrot Flower.</i>
Doubt . . . .	<i>Apricot Blossom.</i>
Durability . . . .	<i>Dogwood.</i>
Duration . . . .	<i>Cornel Tree.</i>
EARLY attachment . . . .	<i>Thornless Rose.</i>
Early friendship . . . .	<i>Blue Periwinkle.</i>
Early youth . . . .	<i>Primrose.</i>
Elegance . . . .	<i>Locust Tree.</i>
Elegance and grace . . . .	<i>Yellow Jasmine.</i>
Elevation . . . .	<i>Scotch Fir.</i>
Eloquence . . . .	<i>Indian Lagerstræmia.</i>
Enchantment . . . .	<i>Holly Herb. Vervian.</i>
Energy . . . .	<i>Red Salvia.</i>
Energy in adversity . . . .	<i>Camomile.</i>
Envy . . . .	<i>Bramble.</i>
Error . . . .	<i>Bee Orchis. Fly Orchis.</i>
Esteem . . . .	<i>Garden Sage.</i>
Esteem, not love . . . .	<i>Spiderwort.</i>
Estranged love . . . .	<i>Lotus Flower.</i>



Excëllence . . .	<i>Camellia Japonica.</i>
Expectation . . .	<i>Anemone. Zephyr Flower.</i>
Expected meeting . . .	<i>Nutmeg Geranium.</i>
Extent . . .	<i>Gourd.</i>
Extinguished hopes . . .	<i>Major Convolvulus.</i>
FACILITY . . .	<i>Germander Speedwell.</i>
Fairies' Fire . . .	<i>Pyrus Japonica.</i>
Faithfulness . . .	<i>Blue Violet. Heliotrope.</i>
Falsehood . . .	<i>Bugloss. Deadly Nightshade. Manchineal Tree.</i>
Fame . . .	<i>Tulip.</i>
Family union . . .	<i>Pink Verbena.</i>
Fantastic extravagance . . .	<i>Scarlet Poppy.</i>
Farewell . . .	<i>Michaelmas Daisy.</i>
Fascination . . .	<i>Fern.</i>
Fashion . . .	<i>Queen's Rocket.</i>
Fecundity . . .	<i>Hollyhock.</i>
Felicity . . .	<i>Sweet Sultan.</i>
Female fidelity . . .	<i>Speedwell.</i>
Festivity . . .	<i>Parsley.</i>
Fickleness . . .	<i>Abatina. Pink Larkspur.</i>
Fidelity . . .	<i>Veronica. Plum Tree.</i>
Fidelity in adversity . . .	<i>Wallflower.</i>
Fidelity in love . . .	<i>Lemon Blossoms.</i>
Filial love . . .	<i>Virgin's Bower.</i>
Fire . . .	<i>Fleur-de-luce.</i>
First emotions of love . . .	<i>Purple Lilac.</i>
Flame . . .	<i>Fleur-de-lis. Iris.</i>
Flattery . . .	<i>Venus's Looking-glass.</i>
Flee away . . .	<i>Pennyroyal.</i>
Fly with me . . .	<i>Venus's Car.</i>
Folly . . .	<i>Columbine.</i>
Foolishness . . .	<i>Pomegranate.</i>
Foresight . . .	<i>Holly.</i>
Forgetfulness . . .	<i>Moonwort.</i>

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Forget me not . . .	<i>Forget-me-not.</i>
For once may pride be- friend me . . .	<i>Tiger Flower.</i>
Forsaken . . .	<i>Garden Anemone.</i>
Fortitude . . .	<i>Dipteracanthus Specta</i>
Frankness . . .	<i>Osier.</i> [bilis.]
Fraternal love . . .	<i>Woodbine.</i>
Freedom . . .	<i>Water Willows.</i>
Freshness . . .	<i>Damask Rose.</i>
Friendship . . .	<i>Acacia. Ivy.</i>
Friendship, early . . .	<i>Blue Periwinkle.</i>
Friendship, true . . .	<i>Oak-leaved Geranium.</i>
Friendship, unchanging . . .	<i>Arbor Vitæ.</i>
Frivolity . . .	<i>London Pride.</i>
Frugality . . .	<i>Chicory. Endive.</i>
GAIETY . . .	<i>Butterfly Orchis. Yellow</i>
Gallantry . . .	<i>Sweet William.</i> [Lily.]
Generosity . . .	<i>Orange Tree.</i>
Generous and devoted affection . . .	<i>French Honeysuckle.</i>
Genius . . .	<i>Plane Tree.</i>
Gentility . . .	<i>Corn Cockle.</i>
Girlhood . . .	<i>White Rosebud.</i>
Give me your good wishes . . .	<i>Sweet Basil.</i>
Gladness . . .	<i>Myrrh.</i>
Glory . . .	<i>Laurel.</i>
Glory. Immortality . . .	<i>Daphne.</i>
Glorious beauty . . .	<i>Glory Flower.</i>
Goodness . . .	<i>Bonus Henricus. Mer-</i>
Good education . . .	<i>Cherry Tree.</i> [cury.]
Good wishes . . .	<i>Sweet Basil.</i>
Good-nature . . .	<i>White Mullein.</i>
Gossip . . .	<i>Cobæa.</i>
Grace . . .	<i>Multiflora Rose.</i>
Grace and elegance . . .	<i>Yellow Jasmine.</i>

Grandeur . . .	Ash Tree.
Gratitude . . .	Small White Bell-flower.
Grief . . .	Harebell. Marigold.
HAPPY love . . .	Bridal Rose.
Hatred . . .	Basil.
Haughtiness . . .	Purple Larkspur. Sun-
Health . . .	Iceland Moss. [flower.
Hermitage . . .	Milkwort.
Hidden worth . . .	Coriander.
High-bred . . .	Penstemon Azureum.
Holy wishes . . .	Plumbago Larpendula.
Honesty . . .	Honesty.
Hope . . .	Hawthorn. Snowdrop.
	Flowering Almond.
Hope in adversity . . .	Spruce Pine.
Hopeless love . . .	Yellow Tulip.
Hopeless, not heartless . . .	Love Lies Bleeding.
Horror . . .	Mandrake. Dragonswort.
Hospitality . . .	Oak Tree. [Snakesfoot.
Humility . . .	Broom. Small Bindweed.
	Field Lilac.
I AM too happy . . .	Cape Jasmine.
I am your captive . . .	Peach Blossom.
I am worthy of you . . .	White Rose.
I change but in death . . .	Bay Leaf.
I claim at least your esteem . . .	Potentilla.
I dare not . . .	Veronica Speciosa.
I declare against you . . .	Belvidere. Liquorice.
I declare war against you . . .	Wild Tansy.
I die if neglected . . .	Laurestina.
I desire a return of affection . . .	Jonquil.
I feel my obligations . . .	Lint.
I have lost all . . .	Mourning Bride.
I live for thee . . .	Cedar Leaf.
I love . . .	Red Chrysanthemum.

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I offer you my all . . .	<i>Shepherd's Purse.</i>
I offer you my fortune, or, I offer you pecuniary aid	<i>Calceolaria.</i>
I share your sentiments . . .	<i>Double China Aster.</i>
	<i>Garden Daisy.</i>
I shall die to-morrow . . .	<i>Gum Cistus.</i>
I shall not survive you . . .	<i>Black Mulberry.</i>
I surmount difficulties . . .	<i>Mistletoe.</i>
I watch over you . . .	<i>Mountain Ash.</i>
I weep for you . . .	<i>Purple Verbena.</i>
I will think of it . . .	<i>Single China Aster.</i>
	<i>Wild Daisy.</i>
I wound to heal . . .	<i>Eglantine (Sweetbrier).</i>
Idleness . . .	<i>Mesembryanthemum.</i>
If you love me you will find it out . . .	<i>Maiden Blush Rose.</i>
Ill-nature . . .	<i>Crab Blossom</i>
Ill-natured beauty . . .	<i>Citron.</i>
Imagination . . .	<i>Lupine.</i>
Impatience . . .	<i>Yellow Balsam.</i>
Impatient of absence . . .	<i>Corchorus.</i>
Impatient resolves . . .	<i>Red Balsam.</i>
Imperfection . . .	<i>Henbane.</i>
Importunity . . .	<i>Burdock.</i>
Inconstancy . . .	<i>Evening Primrose.</i>
Incorruptible . . .	<i>Cedar of Lebanon. [Oak.</i>
Independence . . .	<i>Wild Plum Tree. White</i>
Indifference . . .	<i>Everflowering Candytuft.</i>
	<i>Mustard Seed. Pigeon</i>
	<i>Berry. Senny.</i>
Indolence . . .	<i>Mitraria Coccinea.</i>
Industry . . .	<i>Red Clover.</i>
Industry, domestic . . .	<i>Flax.</i>
Ingeniousness . . .	<i>White Pink.</i>
Ingenuity . . .	<i>Pencilled Geranium.</i>

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Ingenuous simplicity	. . .	<i>Mouse-eared Chickweed.</i>
Ingratitude	. . .	<i>Crowfoot.</i>
Innocence	. . .	<i>Daisy.</i>
Insincerity	. . .	<i>Foxglove.</i>
Insinuation	. . .	<i>Great Bindweed.</i>
Inspiration	. . .	<i>Angelica.</i>
Instability	. . .	<i>Dahlia.</i>
Intellect	. . .	<i>Walnut.</i>
Intoxication	. . .	<i>Vine.</i>
Irony	. . .	<i>Sardony.</i> [Rose.
JEALOUSY	. . .	<i>French Marigold.</i> Yellow
Jest	. . .	<i>Southernwood.</i>
Joys to come	. . .	<i>Lesser Celandine.</i>
Justice	. . .	<i>Rudbeckia.</i>
Justice shall be done to you	. . .	<i>Coltsfoot, or Sweet-scented</i>
KEEP your promise	. . .	<i>Petunia.</i> [Tussilage.
Kindness	. . .	<i>Scarlet Geranium.</i>
Knight-errantry	. . .	<i>Helmet Flower (Monks hood).</i>
LAMENTATION	. . .	<i>Aspen Tree.</i>
Lasting beauty	. . .	<i>Stock.</i>
Lasting pleasures	. . .	<i>Everlasting Pea.</i>
Let me go	. . .	<i>Butterfly Wheel.</i>
Levity	. . .	<i>Larkspur.</i>
Liberty	. . .	<i>Live Oak.</i>
Life	. . .	<i>Lucern.</i>
Lightheartedness	. . .	<i>Shamrock.</i>
Lightness	. . .	<i>Larkspur.</i>
Live for me	. . .	<i>Arbor Vitæ.</i>
Love	. . .	<i>Myrtle.</i> Rose.
Love, forsaken	. . .	<i>Creeping Willow.</i>
Love, returned	. . .	<i>Ambrosia.</i>
Love is dangerous	. . .	<i>Carolina Rose.</i>
Love for all seasons	. . .	<i>Furze.</i>

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Lustre . . . .	. <i>Aconite-leaved Crowfoot,</i> <i>or, Fair Maid of</i> <i>France.</i>
Luxury . . . .	. <i>Chestnut Tree.</i>
MAGNIFICENT beauty . . . .	. <i>Calla Æthiopica.</i>
Majesty . . . .	. <i>Crown Imperial.</i>
Make haste . . . .	. <i>Dianthus.</i>
Malevolence . . . .	. <i>Lobelia.</i>
Marriage . . . .	. <i>Ivy.</i>
Maternal affection . . . .	. <i>Cinquefoil.</i>
Maternal love . . . .	. <i>Moss.</i>
Maternal tenderness . . . .	. <i>Wood Sorrel.</i>
Matrimony . . . .	. <i>American Linden.</i>
Matronly grace . . . .	. <i>Cattleya.</i>
Mature charms . . . .	. <i>Cattleya Pineli.</i>
May you be happy . . . .	. <i>Volkamenia.</i>
Meanness . . . .	. <i>Coscuta.</i>
Meekness . . . .	. <i>Birch.</i> [Leaves.
Melancholy . . . .	. <i>Dark Geranium.</i> Dead
Mental beauty . . . .	. <i>Clematis Kennedia.</i>
Message . . . .	. <i>Iris.</i>
Mildness . . . .	. <i>Mallow.</i>
Mirth . . . .	. <i>Saffron Crocus.</i>
Misanthropy . . . .	. <i>Aconite (Wolfsbane).</i> <i>Fuller's Teazle.</i>
Modest beauty . . . .	. <i>Trillium Pictum.</i>
Modest genius . . . .	. <i>Creeping Cereus.</i>
Modesty . . . .	. <i>Violet.</i>
Modesty and purity . . . .	. <i>White Lily.</i>
Momentary happiness . . . .	. <i>Virginian Spiderwort.</i>
Mourning . . . .	. <i>Weeping Willow.</i>
Music . . . .	. <i>Bundles of Reeds with</i> <i>their Panicles.</i>
My best days are past . . . .	. <i>Colchicum, or Meadow</i> <i>Saffron.</i>

My regrets follow you to	
the grave . . .	<i>Asphodel.</i>
NEATNESS . . .	<i>Broom.</i>
Neglected beauty . . .	<i>Throatwort.</i>
Never-ceasing remem-	
brance . . .	<i>Everlasting.</i>
Never despair . . .	<i>Watcher by the Wayside.</i>
Night . . .	<i>Night Convolvulus.</i>
No . . .	<i>Snapdragon.</i>
OLD age . . .	<i>Tree of Life.</i>
Only deserve my love . . .	<i>Campion Rose.</i>
PAINFUL recollections . . .	<i>Flos Adonis.</i>
Painting . . .	<i>Auricula.</i>
Painting the lily . . .	<i>Daphne Odora.</i>
Passion . . .	<i>White Dittany.</i>
Paternal error . . .	<i>Cardamine.</i>
Patience . . .	<i>Dock. Ox-eye. [tium.</i>
Patriotism . . .	<i>American Elm. Nastur-</i>
Peace . . .	<i>Olive. [ica.</i>
Perfected loveliness . . .	<i>White Camellia Japon-</i>
Perfidy . . .	<i>Common Laurel in flower</i>
Pensive beauty . . .	<i>Laburnum.</i>
Perplexity . . .	<i>Love in a Mist.</i>
Persecution . . .	<i>Checkered Fritillary.</i>
Perseverance . . .	<i>Swamp Magnolia.</i>
Persuasion . . .	<i>Althea Frutex. Syrian</i>
	<i>Mallow.</i>
Pertinacity . . .	<i>Clotbur.</i>
Pity . . .	<i>Pine, also Andromeda.</i>
Pleasure and pain . . .	<i>Dog Rose.</i>
Pleasure, lasting . . .	<i>Everlasting Pea.</i>
Pleasures of memory . . .	<i>White Periwinkle.</i>
Popular favour . . .	<i>Cistus, or Rock Rose.</i>
Poverty . . .	<i>Evergreen Clematis.</i>
Power . . .	<i>Imperial Montague.</i>

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Pray for me	-	-	-	<i>White Verbena.</i>
Precaution	-	-	-	<i>Golden Rod.</i>
Prediction	-	-	-	<i>Prophetic Marigold.</i>
Pretension	-	-	-	<i>Spiked Willow Herb.</i>
Pride	-	-	-	<i>Hundred-leaved Rose.</i>
				<i>Amaryllis.</i>
Privation	-	-	-	<i>Indian Plum. Myrobalan</i>
Profit	-	-	-	<i>Cabbage.</i>
Prohibition	-	-	-	<i>Privet.</i>
Prolific	-	-	-	<i>Fig Tree.</i>
Promptness	-	-	-	<i>Ten-week Stock.</i>
Prosperity	-	-	-	<i>Beech Tree.</i>
Protection	-	-	-	<i>Bearded Crepis.</i>
Pure love	-	-	-	<i>Single Red Pink.</i>
Pure and ardent love	-	-	-	<i>Double Red Pink.</i>
Pure and lovely	-	-	-	<i>Red Rosebud.</i>
Purity	-	-	-	<i>Star of Bethlehem.</i>
QUARREL	-	-	-	<i>Broken Corn-straw.</i>
Quicksightedness	-	-	-	<i>Hawkweed.</i>
READY armed	-	-	-	<i>Gladioli.</i>
Reason	-	-	-	<i>Goat's Rue.</i>
Recantation	-	-	-	<i>Lotus Leaf.</i>
Recall	-	-	-	<i>Silver-leaved Geranium.</i>
Reconciliation	-	-	-	<i>Filbert. Hazel.</i>
Refinement	-	-	-	<i>Gardenia.</i>
Refusal	-	-	-	<i>Striped Carnation.</i>
Regard	-	-	-	<i>Daffodil.</i>
Regret	-	-	-	<i>Purple Verbena.</i>
Relief	-	-	-	<i>Balm of Gilead.</i>
Relieve my anxiety	-	-	-	<i>Christmas Rose.</i>
Religious superstition, or faith	-	-	-	<i>Passion Flower.</i>
Religious enthusiasm	-	-	-	<i>Schinus.</i>
Remembrance	-	-	-	<i>Rosemary.</i>
Remorse	-	-	-	<i>Bramble. Raspberry.</i>



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Rendezvous	-	-	-	<i>Chickweed.</i>
Reserve	-	-	-	<i>Maple.</i>
Resistance	-	-	-	<i>Tremella Nestoc.</i>
Resolved to be noticed	-	-	-	<i>Siphocampylos.</i>
Restoration	-	-	-	<i>Persicaria.</i>
Retaliation	-	-	-	<i>Scotch Thistle.</i>
Return of happiness	-	-	-	<i>Lily of the Valley.</i>
Revenge	-	-	-	<i>Birdsfoot Trefoil.</i>
Reverie	-	-	-	<i>Flowering Fern.</i>
Reward of merit	-	-	-	<i>Bay Wreath.</i>
Reward of virtue	-	-	-	<i>Garland of Roses.</i>
Riches	-	-	-	<i>Corn.</i>
Rigour	-	-	-	<i>Lantana.</i>
Rivalry	-	-	-	<i>Rocket.</i>
Rudeness	-	-	-	<i>Clotbur. Xanthium.</i>
Rural happiness	-	-	-	<i>Yellow Violet.</i>
Rustic beauty	-	-	-	<i>French Honeysuckle.</i>
Rustic oracle	-	-	-	<i>Dandelion.</i>
SADNESS	-	-	-	<i>Dead Leaves.</i>
Safety	-	-	-	<i>Traveller's Joy.</i>
Satire	-	-	-	<i>Prickly Pear.</i>
Sculpture	-	-	-	<i>Hoya.</i>
Secret love	-	-	-	<i>Yellow Acacia.</i>
Semblance	-	-	-	<i>Spiked Speedwell.</i>
Sensitiveness	-	-	-	<i>Mimosa.</i>
Sensuality	-	-	-	<i>Spanish Jasmine.</i>
Separation	-	-	-	<i>Carolina Jasmine.</i>
Severity	-	-	-	<i>Branch of Thorns.</i>
Shame	-	-	-	<i>Peony.</i>
Sharpness	-	-	-	<i>Barberry Tree.</i>
Sickness	-	-	-	<i>Anemone (Zephyr Flower).</i>
Silliness	-	-	-	<i>Fool's Parsley.</i>
Simplicity	-	-	-	<i>American Sweetbrier.</i>
Sincerity	-	-	-	<i>Garden Chervil.</i>

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Slighted love	-	-	-	<i>Yellow Chrysanthemum.</i>
Snare	-	-	-	<i>Catchfly. Dragon Plant.</i>
Solitude	-	-	-	<i>Heath.</i>
Sorrow	-	-	-	<i>Yew.</i>
Sourness of temper	-	-	-	<i>Barberry.</i>
Spell	-	-	-	<i>Circæ.</i>
Spleen	-	-	-	<i>Fumitory.</i>
Splendid beauty	-	-	-	<i>Amaryllis.</i>
Splendour	-	-	-	<i>Austurtium.</i>
Sporting	-	-	-	<i>Fox-tail Grass.</i>
Steadfast picty	-	-	-	<i>Wild Geranium.</i>
Stoicism	-	-	-	<i>Box Tree.</i>
Strength	-	-	-	<i>Cedar. Fennel.</i>
Stupidity	-	-	-	<i>Horseshoe-leaf Geranium.</i>
Submission	-	-	-	<i>Grass. Harebell.</i>
Success everywhere	-	-	-	<i>Nemophila.</i>
Success crown your wishes	-	-	-	<i>Coronella.</i>
Succour	-	-	-	<i>Juniper.</i>
Such worth is rare	-	-	-	<i>Achimenes.</i>
Sunbeaming eyes	-	-	-	<i>Scarlet Lychnis.</i>
Surprise	-	-	-	<i>Truffle.</i>
Susceptibility	-	-	-	<i>Wax Plant.</i>
Suspicion	-	-	-	<i>Champignon.</i>
Sympathy	-	-	-	<i>Balm. Thrift.</i>
TALENT	-	-	-	<i>White Pink.</i>
Tardincss	-	-	-	<i>Flax-leaved Golden-locks.</i>
Taste	-	-	-	<i>Scarlet Fuschia.</i>
Tears	-	-	-	<i>Helenium.</i>
Temperance	-	-	-	<i>Azalea.</i>
Temptation	-	-	-	<i>Apple.</i>
Thankfulncss	-	-	-	<i>Agrimony.</i>
The colour of my fate	-	-	-	<i>Coral Honeysuckle.</i>
The heart's mystery	-	-	-	<i>Crimson Polyanthus.</i>
The perfection of female loveliness	-	-	-	<i>Justicia.</i>

The witching soul of music	Oats.
The variety of your conversation delights me	- <i>Clarkia.</i>
There is no unalloyed good	<i>Lapagena Rosea.</i>
Thoughts	- - - <i>Pansy.</i>
Thoughts of absent friends	<i>Zinnia.</i>
Thy frown will kill me	- <i>Currant.</i>
Thy smile I aspire to	- <i>Daily Rose.</i>
Ties	- - - <i>Tendrils of Climbing Plants.</i>
Timidity	- - - <i>Marvel of Peru.</i>
Time	- - - <i>White Poplar.</i>
Tranquillity	- - - <i>Mudwort. Stonecrop.</i>
Tranquillise my anxiety	- <i>Christmas Rose.</i>
Transient beauty	- - <i>Night-blooming Cereus.</i>
Transport of joy	- - <i>Cape Jasmine.</i>
Treachery	- - - <i>Bilberry.</i>
True love	- - - <i>Forget-me-not.</i>
True friendship	- - <i>Oak-leaved Geranium.</i>
Truth	- - - <i>Bittersweet Nightshade.</i>
	<i>White Chrysanthemum.</i>
UNANIMITY	- - - <i>Phlox.</i>
Unbelief	- - - <i>Judas Tree.</i>
Unceasing remembrance	- <i>American Cudweed.</i>
Unchanging friendship	- <i>Arbor Vitæ.</i>
Unconscious beauty	- <i>Burgundy Rose.</i>
Unexpected meeting	- <i>Lemon Geranium.</i>
Unfortunate love	- - <i>Scabious.</i>
Union	- - - <i>Whole Straw.</i>
Unity	- - - <i>White and Red Rose</i>
Unite against a common foe	[together.] - <i>Scarlet Verbena.</i>
Uprightness	- - - <i>Imbricata.</i>
Uselessness	- - - <i>Meadowsweet.</i>
Utility	- - - <i>Grass.</i>


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VARIETY -	-	-	-	<i>China Aster. Mundi Rose</i>
Vice -	-	-	-	<i>Darnel ( Ray Grass ).</i>
Victory -	-	-	-	<i>Palm.</i>
Virtue -	-	-	-	<i>Mint.</i>
Virtue, domestic	-	-	-	<i>Sage.</i>
Volubility -	-	-	-	<i>Abecedary.</i>
Voraciousness -	-	-	-	<i>Lupine.</i>
Vulgar minds -	-	-	-	<i>African Marigold.</i>
WAR -	-	-	-	<i>York and Lancaster Rose.</i>
				<i>Achillea Millefolia.</i>
Warlike trophy -	-	-	-	<i>Indian Cress.</i>
Warmth of feeling -	-	-	-	<i>Peppermint.</i>
Weakness -	-	-	-	<i>Musk Plant.</i>
Welcome, fair stranger	-	-	-	<i>Westeria.</i>
Welcome to a stranger	-	-	-	<i>American Starwort.</i>
Widowhood -	-	-	-	<i>Sweet Scabious.</i>
Will you accompany me				
to the East? -	-	-	-	<i>Stephanotis.</i>
Will you dance with me?	-	-	-	<i>Viscaria Oculata.</i>
Win me and wear me	-	-	-	<i>Lady's Slipper.</i>
Winning grace -	-	-	-	<i>Cowslip.</i>
Winter age -	-	-	-	<i>Guelder Rose.</i>
Wisdom -	-	-	-	<i>Blue Salvia.</i>
Wit -	-	-	-	<i>Meadow Lychnis.</i>
Witchcraft -	-	-	-	<i>Enchanter's Nightshade.</i>
Worth beyond beauty	-	-	-	<i>Sweet Elysium.</i>
Worth sustained by judi-				
cious and tender affection	-	-	-	<i>Pink Convolvulus.</i>
Worldliness, self-seeking	-	-	-	<i>Clianthus.</i>
Worthy of all praise	-	-	-	<i>Fennel.</i>
You are cold -	-	-	-	<i>Hortensia.</i>
You are my divinity	-	-	-	<i>American Cowslip.</i>
You are perfect -	-	-	-	<i>Pine Apple.</i>
You are radiant with				
charms -	-	-	-	<i>Ranunculus.</i>

You are the queen of		
coquettes - -	-	<i>Queen's Rocket.</i>
You are charming -	-	<i>Leschenaultia Splendens.</i>
You have no claims -	-	<i>Pasque Flower.</i>
You have many lovers	-	<i>Chorozema Varium.</i>
You please all - -	-	<i>Branch of Currants.</i>
You are too bold -	-	<i>Diplademia Crassinoda.</i>
You will be my death	-	<i>Hemlock.</i>
Your charms are engraven		
on my heart - -	-	<i>Spindle Tree.</i>
Your looks freeze me	-	<i>Ice Plant.</i>
Your presence softens my		
pain - - -	-	<i>Milkvetch.</i>
Your purity equals your		
loveliness - -	-	<i>Orange Blossoms.</i>
Your qualities, like your		
charms, are unequalled	-	<i>Peach.</i>
Your qualities surpass your		
charms - - -	-	<i>Mignonette.</i>
Your temper is too hasty	-	<i>Grammanthes Chlorastris</i>
Youthful innocence -	-	<i>White Lilac.</i>
Youthful love - -	-	<i>Red Catchfly.</i>
Your whims are unbearable	-	<i>Monardi Amplexicaulis.</i>
ZEALOUSNESS - -	-	<i>Elder.</i>
Zest - - -	-	<i>Lemon.</i>



## MODIFICATIONS OF THE FLOWER LANGUAGE.



If a flower be given *reversed*, its original signification is understood to be contradicted, and the opposite meaning to be implied.

A rosebud divested of its thorns, but retaining its leaves, conveys the sentiment, "I fear no longer ; I hope ;" thorns signifying fears, and leaves hopes.

Stripped of leaves and thorns, the bud signifies, "There is nothing to hope or fear."

The expression of flowers is also varied by changing their positions. Place a marigold on the head, and it signifies, "Mental anguish ;" on the bosom, "Indifference."

When a flower is given, the pronoun *I* is understood by bending it to the right hand ; *thou*, by inclining it to the left.

"Yes" is implied by touching the flower given with the lips.

"No," by pinching off a petal, and casting it away.

"I am" is expressed by a laurel-leaf twisted round the bouquet.

"I have," by an ivy-leaf folded together.

"I offer you," by a leaf of the Virginian Creeper.

BOUQUETS.

I.—Remember our rendezvous, but beware of a false friend.

1. Remembrance . . . *Rosemary.*
2. Rendezvous . . . *Chickweed.*
3. Beware of false friends *Franciscea Latifolia.*

II.—Our unexpected meeting left but transient impressions.

*Answer*—Vulgar minds soon forget.

1. Unexpected meeting . *Lemon Geranium.*
2. Transient impressions . *Withered White Rose.*
3. Vulgar minds . . . *African Marigold.*
4. Forgetfulness . . . *Moonwort.*

III.—My fortitude forsook me on your refusal to be mine.

1. Fortitude . . . *Dipteracanthus Specta-*
2. Forsaken . . . *Laburnum.* [*bilis.*]
3. Refusal . . . *Striped Carnation.*
4. Be mine . . . *Four-leaved Clover.*

IV.—Do not refuse to come down and comfort my solitude.

1. Do not refuse . . . *Escholzia.*
2. Come down . . . *Jacob's Ladder.*
3. Comfort . . . *Pear Tree.*
4. Solitude . . . *Heath.*

V.—Your affectation and deceit I disdain.

1. Affectation . . . *Cockscomb Amaranth.*
2. Deceit . . . *Fly-trap.*
3. Disdain . . . *Yellow Carnation.*

VI.—I love to disappoint your curiosity.

1. Love . . . . . *Red Rose.*
2. Disappoint . . . . . *Carolina Syringa.*
3. Curiosity . . . . . *Sycamore.*

VII.—I am docile and dejected, do not refuse me.

1. Docile . . . . . *Rush.*
2. Dejected . . . . . *Lichen.*
3. Do not refuse . . . . . *Carrot Flower.*

VIII.—I hope you may be happy, and offer you pecuniary aid.

1. Hope . . . . . *Flowering Almond.*
2. May you be happy . . . . . *Volkamenia.*
3. Offer pecuniary aid . . . . . *Calceolaria.*

IX.—Be temperate in your taste.

1. Temperance . . . . . *Azalea.*
2. Taste . . . . . *Scarlet Fuschia.*

X.—Let the bonds of marriage unite us.

1. Bonds . . . . . *Blue Convolvulus.*
2. Marriage . . . . . *Ivy.*
3. Unite us . . . . . *A few whole Straws.*

XI.—Meet me to-night ; do not forget.

1. Meet me . . . . . *Everlasting Pea.*
2. To-night . . . . . *Night Convolvulus.*
3. Do not forget . . . . . *Forget-mè-not.*

XII.—I weep for your indifference, and am melancholy on account of your coldness.

1. I weep for you . . . . . *Purple Verbena.*
2. Indifference . . . . . *Mustard Seed.*
3. Melancholy . . . . . *Dead Leaves.*
4. Coldness . . . . . *Agnus Castus.*



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